



Keep this from Teague for if he see the boy
 De'l talke me, but it all be one great jest



Keep this from Teague for if he see the play
De'l talke me, but it all be one great jest

Teagueland Jests, OR BOGG-WITTICISMS.

In Two Parts.

THE FIRST,
Being a compleat Collection of the
most Learned *Bulls*, Elaborate *Quib-
bles*, and *Wise Sayings* of some of the Na-
tives of *Teagueland*, till the Year 1688.

THE SECOND,
Contains many Comical *Stories*, and
Famous *Blunders* of those *Dear Joys*,
since the late King *James's* landing
amongst them.

Never before in Print.

Published for the Entertainment of all
those who are dispos'd to be merry.

L O N D O N,
Printed in the Year 1690.

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TO THE
READER.

AS the kind Entertainment the *First* Part of the *Bogg - Witticisms* found in the World, has given Occasion to their coming abroad again: So the great Confusion and Disorder the *Irisb* have been in of late, has caus'd the publishing of this *Second* Part. And indeed, if the *Bulls* that have formerly drop'd from the Mouths of those *Dear Joys*, made them the Discourse and Diversion of all Sorts of Company, they must needs be now

To the Reader.

more diverting than ever ; many of them (I mean the *Natives*) having never seen a Musket or Pike before, and consequently so ignorant in the Use of them, that they would even force a Smile from *Heraclitus*. But that which most commends these *Blunders*, is, the natural Stupidity and Simplicity of the People ; for they do not appear like little Contrivances, but purely the Effects of their Notions, and Mistakes of Things. The following *Collection* presents you with great Variety of the most *Novel* and *Facetious* ; which may serve as Wallnuts with a Glass of Wine, and be an excellent Relief against

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To the Reader.

gainst an uneasie sullen Melancholy. The *Collector* has not Vanity to persuade himself, that they will Sute every Temper ; there being some so perverse and implacable, as never to like any Man's Humour but their own ; and, like the Crow, think their own Off-spring fairest : I fairly leave such to the Election of their own Appetites ; and shall not presume to force my Sauce upon their Palates. I have no apprehension, that any Ingenious Reader can Interpret any thing herein contained, as a National or Particular Reflection ; that being the most Remote imaginable, both from the *Collector's* Incl-

To the Reader.

Inclination and Intention: And I shall for once presume to Obviate any such undue Reflection, with the Motto of the Royal Garter; *Hoc Sit Qui Mal T Pense.*

If these find kind Acceptance, the Reader shall have a Third and Fourth Part very speedily. In the mean time we bid him Farewel.

TO

THE
PREFACE
By TEAGUE.

BE'E Shaint Patrick, de Deevil
tauke me now, but I can remaumber
de time, when mee Fader wast
mauke return of a great deal very much Mo-
neysh, bee Chreesht; and dat wast consarn-
ing Sheepsh, and Cowsh, and Horstes, and
Pigsh too, bee Shaint Antony; and what ish
de matter, in de Deevil's Name, dat dere ish
no Money for mine Bullsh, indeed? And, in
fait, Dear Joy, Deevil tauke me, but dey be
of de largesht kind too, indeed; and dey be
all of de right Shtrain too, now. Here ish no
living widout Moneysh, in fait, Dear Joy;
and mee Beef-and-Broth-Woman, (de Deevil
tauke de Beesh,) she will not trust me Tree
haulf-Pensh more for mine Dinner, indeed.
I have mauke try to bind mee shelf Premishe
to some Body, to get Moneysh; and, bee
Shaint

The Preface by Teague.

Shaint Pautrick's Bonnet, dere ish no Body will have me, now. And I did tink to bind mee shelf Prentiske to shome Evidenshe-maker; and bee Shaint Bridget, dat be all out of de Faustion, and every Body musht be Honest, bee Chreesht, and dere ish no Plaushes to be got now. And I wash jush a-going to come and mauke haung upon mee shelf, indeed, and to put de matter out of all doubt; for dere wash none Living for Teague any longer. And wash not dish a very shad Cause, indeed? When I wash in dish Condition, and wash jush mauke rinking upon haunging, bee Chreesht; dere comes a Man, and looks upon mee. Faushe, in fait; What is the matter honest Lady (shays he?) Bee Chreesht, and dat be very good news, to call me honest, I tink; and I tell him de matter wash very bad indeed, for I wash in missherable poor Conditions indeed. Den he shay to me, Dat I musht bee for putting mee shelf upon good Chear; dat be bad Friendsh would help me to shome Money, indeed. Bee mee Shalvashion, Dear Joy, I wash for mauking very mush Joy upon mee shelf now; and I did shay to him, indeed, Bee de Mast, Dear Joy, dee breesht de shivellesht Parshon in all de World, in fait; and de Deevil tauke me, indeed, but dee hasht mauke mush rejoyshing upon me now, too;
and

The Preface by Teague.

and I would pray dee to do me de favour, to show me de kindnesht, to tell me what dish Friend of dine ish, dat will help me to shome Money, indeed; and I shall be bound to mauke mee shelf, and all de Poshterity of poor Teague, over to him, and hish Heirs, bee Letter of Attorney, in fait now. Well then (he did shay to me) if thou canst furnish me with some good Currant Bulls, thou shalt have ready Money for them. Now de Deevil tauke dee, Dear Joy, (I did shay to him) don hast. mauke me dead agen, bee mee Shoul; for de Armiesht did mauke Plunder upon mine Fader, and did tauke away all hish Bullsh, Cowsh, and Horshtes too, bee Chreesht, before dat I wash born indeed; And now, if dat be all, I will onshe more tauke haunging into mee Consideration, indeed; and sho fare dee well, Dear Joy. But stay, (he did shay to me agen). I do not mean Horn'd-Beasts my Friend; we Citizens have enough of that sort of Cattle; I say, I mean a sort of Comical Joques, called Bulls, that are a Preposterous kind of speaking; when you return my meaning as by mistake: In short, I do not mean the Bull For the Mouth; but the Bull Of the Mouth; and such as these, and any other pleasant Stories for Diverſion, are the Market I would

The Preface by Teague.

would be at. Enow! Enow! Dear Joy,
(I did shay) I do understhand dee, indeed;
it ish shome Shtories consarning mee shelf;
and Brian, and half a Doshen more of ush:
Bee mee Shoul, I can tell dee abundanthe in-
deed. And if dee wilt be sha shivil, to mauke
paymentsh of shome Monysh, I will tell dee
sho many ash a whole Drove at dish time, in-
deed: And when we do meet agen, wee will
have de toder bout, bee mee Broguesh in fait
now

Teague-

Teagueland Jests,

OR

BOGG-WITTICISMS.

PART I.

I.

Necessity hath been often the Mother of Ingenuity, and it will appear a very great Truth, if the following Story be considered. For Dennis had a long time been waiting, and making Perishion for a Plaishie, until Fob grew so low, that he could not produce three half pence a day for the Irish Ordinary: So that as he was taking the matter into serious consideration, an End-of-Gold-and-Silver-Woman passed by with her usual Cry, Any old Sattin, or Taffery or Velvet; any old Lace, take Mony for it. Now I predee, dear Jey (quoth Dennis to the Woman) what ish de prishe dat dee wilst give for good Lace? I have sho much at

*mee Lodgingsh as cost about dree Poundsh,
 and I will go and fesh it for dee preshently,
 if dee wilt give me shome Mony for it? The
 Woman replied, That she never gave a-
 bove 5 s. an Ounce for the best, when it
 was well burnt and cleaned: Dert I would
 besheech dee to call at my Lodgingsh an hour
 after thish time, and be Chreesht I will burn
 my Laushe for dee now, and dee shalt have
 it, indeed. Pray where is your Lodging?
 said the Woman. Why, mee Lodging ish at
 de Bird and Baby bee Sharing-Crosh, indeed,
 and Deevil tauke me if dee wilt call, dee shalt
 have mee besht laushe, and it is very good, in-
 deed. The Woman went her way, and
 Dennis repairs to his Lodging; where
 taking his best Lace-Cravat and Ruffles,
 and setting them on fire, he preserved the
 Ashes carefully, and made them up in a
 piece of Paper. The Woman coming at
 the time, and Dennis bringing her down
 the Paper of Ashes; What is this (says
 the Woman) that you have brought me?
 Bee mee shoul, what dosht dee tinke it ish? why,
 it ish all my besht Laushe, and I have burnt it
 very carefully for dee indeed, and now I would
 have dee tauke notiske what ish de weight of it,
 and give me de mony for it. Dost think me
 mad (replied the Woman) to give Mony
 for a few Ashes? I tell thee, I do not use*

to deal in such Ware. Now de Deevil
tauke mee (said Dennis) it ish me best Laushe-
Crevat and Cuffs, and I had them of mee Ca-
ptain de other day, and now I have burnt
dem for dee, wilt dee give mee nothing for
it? Deevil tauke dee for a Bish, you Son of a
Whore, I will maanke Swear upon dee before
de Justice for putting de great sheat upon me;
bashe Shlut, indeed; where ish de Mony for de
burnt Lashe now, ha? Prethee get home,
you Bog-trotting Owl (quoth the Wo-
man) burn thy Mantle and Brogues, it
may be they may yield thee some Mony
to buy a place; you simple Scoundrel,
thou. Bee Chreesht (quoth Dennis) dee best
come to put abuske upon me, Deevil tauke me
for a Shon of a Whore, but I will manke re-
venge upon dee for mee best Laushe now, yesh
indeed. The Scuffle continued a long time
before Dennis could be convinced of his
Error; until at length all that heard it
laughed heartily at his Ignorance, which
made him go out of the House in great
Indignation.

II.

A Bird in Hand is worth two in a Bush
they say, and Owen made some proof
of it; for his Lady gave him a Canary-B

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to present from her to a Lady of her acquaintance; now *Owen* had seen the Boys house their Sparrows under their Hats, and being taken with the humour, puts the *Canary*-Bird up under his; but in the way as he was going with his Present, a Coach passed by, behind which was a Country-man of *Owen*'s, who put off his Hat to *Owen*, and our *Dear Joy* answered his Complement with much respect, not minding the *Canary*-Bird in the Garret; at length he came to the Lady's House, and ask'd the Porter if his Lady were within; who answered him, Yes. *Why then* (quoth *Owen*) *I predee tell, her dat I am belonging to shuch a Landy, and, be mee Shoul, I have brought her a Presbent from my Landy*: Whereupon, *Owen* being called in, delivers himself after this manner: *Adee Landy presbents her Sharvishe to dee, and has shent dee*. (at that he began to feel on his Crown, to look in his Hat, and to brush the Locks of his Wigg, looking every way about him:) What hath she sent me (quoth the Lady?) *Bee Chreesht, it wash a little shining Bird, and de Dëevil ranke me; Joy, it ish come to nothing at all now.*

III.

A Dear Joy paying great Devotion before a certain old Image at a Church in *France*; it happened that the rotten Figure fell upon him, and bruised him very much, so that he was forced to keep within doors for a considerable time, and then coming again to the same Church, he saw a very fine new Image set up in the same Place; to which he addrested himself after this sort; *Bee mee Shoul, dear Joy, - Deevil tauke me if dee dosht not look as pleashant as mine own Shweet-heart, and I can scarce forbear to mauke Prayer to dee; but dy Father leaped down upon me, and wash like to break my Neck; and bee Chreesht I have no mind to trust thee for all thy fine looks.*

IV.

When *Tangier* was in the possession of King *Charles II.* a certain *Irish-Man* was Servant to a Major there; the Major happned to die in his Servants debt for Wages; and about three years after his Masters death, the *Irish Man* delivered a Petition to the Governour, to this Effect:

May it please thy Graushes Ecshellence,

THere isb happen to be great
 Falling-out between mee
 Mashter Major White, and mee
 sbelfe, consbarning sbome monysb
 dat isb owing unto me from him-
 sbelfe; and, be Chreesht, dear Joy,
 I will tell dee it isb for Wages;
 now the Deevil tanke me but I
 will manke Petisbion upon dee, that
 dee wouldst be pleased to do me
 de favour to do me de kindness,
 to tanke order wid him, that he
 may pay me de Mony; and be
 mee Shalvasbion I will tell dee, I
 will buy Commisbion of dee for
 a Captain or a Colonelsb Plansbe,
 Indeed. So I advisbe dee to
 tanke spesbial care dat I may
 have what isb due to me, for
 de

de Deevil tanke dee, if I can
tell what to do for want of it, in-
deed. And if dee own dear
shelfe cannot tanke order for me,
I will pray dee to mauke Petisbi-
on for me upon his Majesbties
Graushe into England, that I
may not have Cheat put upon me,
for what isb my own indeed.

Sho I resht, Dear Joy,
thy Graushes humble

Sharvant,

M. D.

The Governour having considered the
Contents of the Petition, began to en-
quire what this Major *White* was, and be-
ing informed that the Gentleman had been
dead for three Years, he could not for-
bear smiling at the downright Ignorance

of the Petitioner, and order'd him to be called in, when he spake to him to this purpose: *Friend, I have read the Paper here, and I find thou wouldst have me order one Major White to pay thee Money; Where is this Major White?*

D. *Why, if dee wilt come along wid me, I will show dee where he ish put under a Stone, indeed.*

Gov. What! is he dead then?

D. *Yesh, bee Chreesht ish he.*

Gov. How long?

D. *It ish! let me shee, it ish about tree Tearsh, dear Joy.*

Gov. This is very pretty, and thou wouldst have me sue him in the Grave for thee, I warrant thee? ha!

D. *Yesh, yesh, Deevil tanke me, I wou'd indeed.*

Gov. It is not like that such a Gentleman died in debt to his Servants, but the Dead pay no Debts.

D. *Bee mee Shoul, dat ish very pretty, dear Joy, then it ish nothing but to die and put de Cheat upon every body for what ish due to dem! be de Mash, dish de grearest Cheat in de whole World now! I will die too bee Chreesht, and put de great Cheat upon every body too, indeed.*

The Governour was ready to burst with

Bogg-Whitticisms.

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with the Comedy, and ordered his Servants to make the *Irish-man* drink, and so dismiss him.

V.

A certain Collonel having lost one of his Hands in his Majesty's Service, and an Artificial Hand of Steel put on, it was done with that Curiosity, that he could hold his Fork in it, or take up a Cup of Beer, or command his Horse with it, but still it appear'd to be Steel, and was very finely polished. It hapning that a *Dear Jey* was waiting upon his Master at Table, who dined with the Colonel, he took great notice of the Steel Hand; at length (quoth he) to the Colonel's Servant; *I predee tell me, wash dy Mashier born wid dat Hand? bee Chreesha it ish very strange an Iron Hand skou'd grow so big, ish it not?* The Servant told the *Irish-man's* question to the Table, who laughs heartily at it.

VI.

Naturam Expellas Fune licet usq; Recur-
ret: Once a Taylor and always a Thief,
was an Adage founded upon good Experi-

ence ; or if that will not convince you of the unalterableness of Mens natural Dispositions, perhaps the ensuing Story may.

It is said, a certain *Mac-lander* had list-ed himself in the *Spanish Army in Flanders*, but (not well approving of that Service) had deserted his Colours, and was there-upon apprehended, and tyed up to Destiny upon a Gibbet not far from *Bruges* ; A Country-man passing by with his Cart in little time after the body had been trussed up, and considering him to be a proper Fellow (having likewise felt, and found his Body warm, and that his Breath had not quite deserted it) began to entertain some thoughts of taking him down, and endeavouring to restore him again to the number of the Living ; accordingly, when he had driven his Cart under the Tree, and received the Body in it, he cut the Hemp, and drove him home ; where there was immediately care taken, by Bleeding, Fomenting, and other requisite means, for his recovery ; so that in few hours he was as if he had never been Suspended : He had a remembrance, that he had been drag'd to the place of Execution, but not the least apprehension of what had been done to him afterwards. The honest Country-man told him the Condition

Condition he had found him in, and the Cure, and means that had been taken of his Recovery. *Mac* seemed very penitent, and resolved upon a new Course of Life; complaining much *upon de Shaints*: *Bee Chreesht* (says he) *I have mauke abundanshe of Shupplication, and I have been shivil to dem indeed, and yet upon all dat, never one of dem wash sho kind to come shave me, or to tanke de String from mee Neck, indeed. Now de Plaugue Deevil dem, for I am sharishfied de beesht honestier Man dan dey be; I have mauke much sharvishe and kindneshe upon dem, and dey wash not come to Shave me, and I will not come to dem again, indeed; but I will be wid dee, and will mauke all mee Sharvishe upon dee, in fait, and let dem all be sharved ash dey wou'd let me be sharved, indeed.*

The Country-man hoped that he had gained a stout Servant, and was very well satisfied in what he had done. But there are a sort of Horses, bred in a certain Country, that all the art and care of the most Exquisite Jockey can never reclaim or break from their *Fades Tricks*, they will still retain their unlucky Qualities; and it is not improbable, that many of the Natives of that Land, are of the same disposition with their *Beasts*, that is to say, they are not reclaimable. For this
very

very *Mac*, we are now speaking of, no sooner was intrusted by the honest *Flanderkin*, to assist him in the business of his Husbandry; no sooner was he warm, but (*like the Snake*) his *Poison* returned to him; his *Mac-qualities* regained upon him, he made a shift to rob the honest Countryman of what he could pillage, and rid away with one of his best Horses to the bargain, and this within three days after the good Man had saved his Life: The *Flanderkin* and his Son soon perceiving something amiss, pursued the ungrateful wretch, and in a League or two of the Village found him wallowing in Brandy (*a Bastard sort of Usquebah*;) he was immediately bound, Manacled, carried to his Master's House, and there *once more* put into the Cart, and conveyed to the place from whence he had been reprieved from Execution. When he came underneath the *Fertile Tree*, and had the second time taken the form of hanging into his consideration; there was a great *boo-boob* raised within him, by reason of something of regret he had, to make his *Exit* on that fashion: but for greater *decorum* of Conclusion, (*for want of a Ghostly Father*) he made his Confession to his Executioners, in manner and form following.

lowing; That is to say, It ish a plaugy Cashe indeed, (me Dear Joy) dat dee wilt tye me up to dish deevillish unwholsome plaushagen, be Chreesht; Now de Deevil tanke me, and be Shaint Pautricksh Shoo-buckle, it ish very hard, indeed! Me Fader wash a Cut-Throat bee de Mash, in fait; and he had great Liberty of Conshienshe to do every Ting; and be Chreesht, hoo! hoo! hoo! woo! woo! it ish bloody hard, indeed! Now to make two Murder upon mee Body, indeed; Firsh de King of Spainsh Lawsh, for desheriting mee Coloursh, indeed! and now (Dear Joy) bee Chreesht, dee wilt hang me too, for two Pistolsh, and a plaugy drunken Guel-ding of a Mare (be Chreesht) dat stop at the next Braundy Shop; and now de Deevil tanke de Mare too indeed, dat she con'd not run away surder wid me; and, bee de Maush, I musht be haung'd twiske now for de Jaudish tricksh of dish plaugy Mare, indeed! hoo! hoo! woo! boo! boo! Now de Deevil tanke dee too now; and what musht I be haung'd twiske for, now? here ish dy Mare agen indeed, and here ish de Pistolsh. And I predee, Dear Joy, let us be friendsh again, indeed; and I will swear mee selfe to de Deevil for dee, indeed. Heark ye, heark ye, Dear Joy (quoth the Spaniard) I do you no wrong; I found you here

in a *Stinking Pickle*, I carried you home, and dry'd ye, and made ye clean: In fine, I sav'd ye once from the Gallows, and ye have served me accordingly; and now let the next Man that has a mind to be Cheated, take thee down agen, for I will e'en *leave thee* as I found thee, and so *Farewel and be hanged*; that's twice God b'w'y'.

Having so said, they left there the dangling Object to scare the Passengers, who were in a great surprize to see the same Man that was hang'd three days before, and they thought buried the same night, come again and hang upon the same Gibbet, and that now he had got *Boots* on, whereas before he had none; (for you must know, the Farmer and his Son were in such haste to be rid of him, that they e'en tied him up in the same Garb that they found him.) This (as I was saying) mightily surprised them, and they thought the Devil had sent him *Post* back again.

VII.

A Gentleman's Footman in the Country, took an occasion to Gallant the Kitching Maid (between whom, and himself, there had

had passed many an amorous Intrigue,) and leading her into the Orchard in a Summer Evening, they happened to sit down under a Pippin-Tree, to entertain themselves with a little private Converse; it was about the business of *Comfortable Importance*. *Bee Shaint Pautrick's Shoo-horne* (quoth *Donnel*,) *I have very much great deal of Love for dee; I will put shome kish upon dee faushe, and make shome Child upon dee Body, indeed: And so Donnel* put what he said in Execution: Now it happened that upon that very Tree was a Spark, who had come thither to borrow some of the Fruit; and upon their approach to that place, kept himself very close, but so that he saw and heard all that passed. When the Exercise was over, (said the Miss to the Lover,) O! *Donnel*, you and I have often had these Enjoyments; but if I should prove with Child, what care would there be taken of me or the Infant? *Now de Deevil tanke me* (replied he) *bee de Mash it ish unshivil for dee to mauke shuch question upon me indeed; pra'dee let mee have shome more kish upon de faushe, in fait, and dere ish one above will tanke care for de Child, and dee too, bee Chreesht.* That's a damn'd lye (quoth the Fellow in the Tree) for I never intend to take care for any

any Bastards but those of my own getting. Upon which words they both ran away in great confusion; Donnel crying out, *Be mee Shalvashion, de Deevil hash been wuness to what we have done indeed, and if dee beest maake wid Child, he himshelse shall be de Godfader, in fait.*

VIII.

Bryan having hurt one of his Legs, that it was much swollen, and his Master having occasion to send him a considerable Journey into the Country; *Bryan* went to the Shooe-maker, directing him to make one of his Boots pretty much bigger than the other. When the Boots were brought home, and to be put on, *Bryan* fell into a great Rage with the Shooe-maker, Swearing at him; *Be de Shoul of mine Fader and my Graundfader, let a thousand Deevils pull me to piecshes, if dou beest not de greatest Fool dat ever wash born upon a Woman; what de Deevil cansht dee not underst and what ish sho plain shaid to dee; I did bid dee mauke one of me Bootsh bigger dan de oder: Predee, Dear Joy! de may'sht tanke dem-home wid dy own shelfe again indeed, dey will not be upon sbar vishe for me, bee Chrest now, La.*

IX.

Mac-Clan and his Man travelling together upon the Road, one of their Horses was lamed by a prick of a Nail, and the other received a strain in one Shoulder. *Bee Shaint Pautrick's Tobacco-stopper, and Shaint Brigetsh Thimble,* (says *Mac* to his Man) now de *Deevil* ride away upon me in fait, but one of deshe Horses ish both down-right laume, in fait! yet bee de *Mashe-book, de Black Mare* be a stouter Horse den de *White Nagg*, indeed; *Deevil* tauke me if I have not so long mauke ride upon mee laume Bitch indeed, dat mine *Arsh* ish sho shore ash de back of mine haund, in fait; *Deevil* damn de Bitch for me, she will never leave mauke stumble and fall, before she throw me from de *Shaddle* down *Stairesh*, and break mee Neck, bee *Chreesht*. But *Dennis*, (quoth he to his Man,) I will mauke speak upon dee a little indeed: Upon whish foot ish my *Mare* laume indeed? Now de plague tauke dee in fait, dosht not dee know? Bee *Chreesht* it ish de hinder footsh before, (replied *Dennis* to his Master,) And be me Shout what ish de matter dat dy *Nagg* be sho up-right laume, I pra'dee? Now de *Deevil* tauke dee indeed, *Dear Joy!* (replied *Dennis*

nis to his Master again,) dost dee not shew
 wid dine Eysh, indeed? why, den I will tell
 dee now, it ish de Rump-bone of de right
 Shoulder, upon de neder shide dat ish
 put out of hish plaushe, Joy; and, bee Shairm
 Antony, de Deevil tauke me, but I am sho-
 laume dat I cannot shite upon de back of
 de Deevil any longer, in fait now! They
 jogg'd on upon their cripled Jades for a
 long time, sometimes cursing themselves,
 sometimes their Horses, sometimes their
 Saints, or any thing they thought on;
 till at length they stumbled upon a Far-
 riers Shop, in a small Country Village
 upon the Road; they got up to him,
 and, Ashke hish advise about their Rosi-
 nants; Vulcan told them, one must have
 his foot drawn, and the other be rowelled
 on the Shoulder, and that they must have
 many days rest, before he could warrant
 a Cure upon them. Deevil resht deir
 Shoulsh in deir gravesh, indeed (replied
 Mac-Clan) who de pocksh would be so plaug'd
 wid a couple of deevillish Beetches, in fait?
 I wish wid all mee Shoul, indeed, dat I had
 mauke one lusty auble Horse for both de
 Beetchesh, in fait, La!

Say you so, (quoth the Farrier, who
 perceived the Simplicity of the Animals,
 if you will leave the Horses to my care,

doubt

doubt not but for both of them I may procure a stout Nagg against your return this way : *Wid all mine heart , Dear Joy, (said Mac-Clan,) I will mauke put dem upon dy care, bee mee Shoul, and I will mauke call upon dee about tree Weeksh after Testerday, and I will give de shatishfashion for dy kindnesht to mee Horses, indeed : and, bee Chreesht, Dear Joy, shee dat you mauke a proper Galding out of dem two, indeed ! Let me alone for that, (replied the Smith,) and so they parted, leaving their Cattle to his care, whilst they pursued the rest of their Journey on Foot-back, about fifty Miles ; during their absence (you must know) the Farrier had cured, and put off the two Beasts belonging to *Mac-Clan* and his Man *Dennis*, and had got *Money by the bargain* , and had provided an old rotten *Keffill* to accommodate the Spark at his return : By the way, you are to understand, that *Mac's* Mare was black, and *Dennis's* Nagg was white, and the Beast that *Vulcan* had provided was *Pyed*, answerable to both their Colours : So that when our Spark returned, and saw the *Animal* that was provided for him, he concluded with himself that it had (in earnest) been *Compounded* of his Black Mare, and *Dennis's* White Nagg. Now, bee *Shaint Bartholomew's**

tholomew's Butchering Knife (Dear Joy) (says Mac-Clan to the Farrier) let me shink up to the Earesh in de neckst Bogg, be Chreeht, but dee art shertainly de maun of de most confounded Shenster in de World, in fait; for dere ish de shame Coloursh, be Chreeht, de very shame Coemplacktion as my Mare wash, and de same white hairsh ash was upon Dennish's Horshe; bee de Ma it ish like both ore of de two: But I will mauke a little speaking upon dee (Dear Joy) What ish de reason dat dis Horshe ish so little, and bee me Shoul indeed, aee hasht put two Horshes into his Body? I should mauke Expectationsh, dat de two Horshes should mauke one tall, strong, and lusty Gaulding, indeed? You must confider this is but a Colt yet (said the Farrier) being not three weeks since it was made, but when it is full grown, it will be a mighty Beast indeed. Dosht dee hear dat Dennish (quoth Mac to his Man) be Chreeht it ish a Colt (he shay) and it will be a very great Horshe, when he be grown up to Mansh Esttate. Be Chreeht, dis be de very Learned Man, in fait; Deevil tauke me, Dear Joy, I will mauke publicaſhion of dy great skill in every plaush, indeed. In fine, they came to an agreement what the Farrier was to have for making up the two lame Horses into one:

one. Mac paid him his demands, put one of the Saddles upon Pye, and Mac gat upon the outside of him; the other Saddle was girt upon Dennis, who followed his Master on foot. They parted from the Farrier, not without great suspicion of his being a Conjuror; Dennis was once under some fear, when the Saddle was fastened to his back, lest the Man of Art should have converted him to a Horse too. They had not travelled far, before Dennis perceived his Masters Horse to be lame of all four, and upon that occasion addressed himself to him after this sort. Now de Deevil tanke dee, Dear Joy, de two Horshes dat wash mauke up into di h Cattle, wash laume but upon two shidesh, indeed; but, in fait, di h Gualding i h laume upon all de four footsh, La. Shree, shree, what a damn fool dou art (replied Mac) and, bie Chreeht, did not de Learned Man shay it wash a Colt? And Deevil tanke me, his Footsh will be tender di h great while, till his Naileh be grow hard and strong, indeed. Many more Observations were made upon their miraculous Beast; and some say Mac was upon mauking Petition to mauke slow of his Twin-barb at the Bell-Shavage.

X. Patrick

X.

Patrick had been in the Wars in *Germany*, and after his return, sitting in company with one of his Brother *Brogues*, he was bragging what dangers he had gone through, and what exploits he had done, and amongst the rest, that he had cut off one of the Enemies Legs; *Be Chreesht*, *Pautrick* (says one of them) *dee shouldst have discharged dy Pike at him, and have cut his head off from his Body.* Now *de Deeviltauke me* (replied he) *dat ish very true indeed, but bee de Maushe, Dear Joy, I caume too late for dat indeed; for, bee my Shalvashion, his head washtauken away before, indeed now.*

XI.

One of *Dear-Joy-Land* had a Son that served a Gentleman here, in Quality of his Foot-man; after he had been in *England* for some time, his Friends (upon some Occasion) writ over for a Testimonial whether he was alive or not. Upon consulting his Acquaintance about the matter, they advised him to get a Scrivener to draw it, and get it signed by the hands

hands of the most credible Country-men that were known to his Relations: This being all done accordingly, he was told he might send it by the Post to *Chester*, and after that the *Pacquet-Boat* would take care of it. One Night his Master sent him to the Post-house with Letters, and he had some inclination to have put in his Certificate; but fearing the *Packquet-Boat* might miscarry, he resolved to carry it himself: His Master saw him no more in six Weeks; at length he appears again, and being asked what had occasion'd him to absent himself so long? He made answer to this purpose; *Bee Chreesht, mee Relauſions did manke ſhend a Letter, dat I muſt ſhend dem a Shertificate dat I waſh alive; I had get a Skriviner to manke write upon de Pauper for me, and it waſh ſigned bee me Friendſh here, indeed; but upon fear dat de Pacquet-Boat ſhould miscarry, be Chreesht, I did manke go and carry it mee ſhelfe indeed, dat when dey ſhee de Shertificate, dey might tinke it waſh mine own ſhelfe dat waſh alive, indeed.*

XII.

Teague having been obliged to wait upon his Master to *Edinburgh*, where he continued

continued for some time, at his return to London fell in company of some of his old Acquaintance: How do'st thou like that Country, *Teague?* says one of them; *I will tell thee, bee Chreeht,* (replyed he) *I wash Shick all de time I wash dere, indeed: And, bee Shaint Pantrick, if I had lived dere till dis time, bee de Maul, de Deevil tanke me, indeed, but I shou'd have bin dead now for sheaven Tearsh ago, Dear joy; upon me fait, it ish true, indeed.*

XIII.

A certain Lord had a nimble Bog-Trotter to his Servant, which used to travel with him when he rode, and would make as quick speed as his Horse, let him ride never so hard: This Noble Man having occasion to send his Servant to a Gentleman of his acquaintance, who lived about a dozen Miles from him; he called his Man to him over Night, and said, *Teague,* (for so the Fellow was named) I must send you in the Morning very early to Mr. . . . pray remember. To which *Teague* reply'd, *Upon my soul, Joy, I shall remember very weell.* In the Morning *Teague* rose very early, and away he trotted to this Gentleman's House, leaving his Master

(as

(as supposed) a sleep; and being come, Teague knocked at the Door, and was let in; who presently ask'd for the Gentleman, the Master of the House; to which the Servant answered, He was not stirring. *Bee Chreesht, (says Teague) I must speake wid him, I must speake wid him, I did come from de Lord my Master.*

The Servant went and acquainted his Master thereof, (thinking it had been some urgent Affair that Teague should come 12 miles so soon in the Morning.) Whereupon his Master having a great respect for the Lord, (and believing it business of moment) ordered Teague to come up to his Chamber; and the Gentleman said, How now Teague, What News do you bring from my Lord, your Master, that you are here so early? To which Teague answered, *Bee Chreesht, I cannot tell; How does my Lord? (quoth the Gentleman) Indeed vary weell, said Teague. But what is your Business? (quoth the Gentleman) Bee Chreesht and St. Pautrick (says Teague) I cannot tell, my Lord did call me to him over-night, and said, I must come to dee dis morning, yesh indeed; and he did chaurge me to remaumber it, and bee Chreesht dou canst wit-ness I have not forgot it; for dou sheest I am here wid dee.* Is this all? quoth the

Gentleman. *On my Shoul* (says *Teague*) *I do not know any more, and sho I will go home (Dear Joy) to my Master, and tell him I did remaumber to come to dee.* But (quoth the Gentleman) now I think on't *Teague*, you must stay a little while, I have something to send to your Master, which you came for. *Bee Chreesht* (quoth *Teague*) *I cannot tell.* Then the Gentleman began to think how he should be reveng'd of this Rogue that had thus disturb'd him to no purpose; at length he considered he had an ugly stone-Mortar which he did not value, which Mortar he gave *Teague*, and told him, he came for that Mortar, and that his Master had sent him purposely for it. The Mortar weighed about 80 l. which *Teague* got upon his Back, and took his leave of the Gentleman; many a Face and many a Curse he made at the Mortar, for it hurt his Back and Shoulders, and almost crippled poor *Teague*; but he was bound to endure it with Patience. Having brought it home, he had some help to get it off of his Back: And the rest of his fellow Servants asked him, Where he had been, for his Lord missed him; To which he was Dumb, and would not answer any thing for a long while. At last my

my Lord being at a Bowling-Green near,
 sent to see for *Teague*, and to command him
 to come to him; so he came to the Green
 to my Lord; Ye plaguy Rogue (says the
 Lord to *Teague*) where have you been all
 this day? *Teague* made ugly Faces, and
 points to his back and Shoulders, (being
 sore and gaul'd by the stone-Mortar) and
 as often as my Lord ask'd him, Where he
 had been, my Lord received no other an-
 swer but wretched wry Faces, and poin-
 ting to his Shoulders and Back, till at
 length he grew a-little angry: Sirrah, said
 he, tell me where you have been, and the
 meaning of your Pointing and wry Mouth,
 or else I will Cudgel your Bones: Then
Teague answered, *Didst don not shay, I must*
go to Mr. — dis Morning, and bee Chreesht
I have been wid him. You danin'd Rogue,
 said my Lord, I told you over-night you
 should go to him in the Morning, but you
 should have come to me, and taken my
 Errant along with you. *A Plague tanke die*
(says Teague) and dy Errant too; I did bring
dy Errant upon my Back, bee Chreesht, till I
did make bruise upon my Shoulders, and on my
Shoul I shall go no more of dy Errants; Nay
Teague (quoth my Lord) do not say so;
 what is it you brought from the Gentle-
 man? *Bee Chreesht (says Teague) don maist*

See it if thou wilt go home : No *Teague*, said the Lord, (being willing that some Gentlemen should share of the mirth that this Fellow was like to make among them) go you home and fetch this Errant that has so mortified your Shoulders, and let me see it : *Teague* goes home, and takes up the Mortar, and brings it to his Master upon the Green, and throws it down there ; at which they all laughed heartily, that this Fellow should be so sordid as to go to the Gentleman without his Errant ; and commended the Gentleman's Ingenuity to punish the Fool with such a burthen. To be short, his Master and the Company having had sport enough with his sower Faces, his Pointings and his Errant, his Master bid him carry the Mortar Home, but withal to go to the Gentleman again, and fetch the Pestel to the Mortar, he having forgot it.

XIV.

A certain *Teague* called *Eustace*, begging of some Gentlemen some Charity, in the late King *James's* time, one of the Gentlemen said to him, *Eustace*, why dost not thou get some preferment amongst thy Country-men ; you see the King is very

very kind to your Country-men, and gives them Places, and makes them Officers in the Army ; why don't you put forward, and beg a Lieutenants Place of His Majesty? or, if it be but a Serjeant's, it would be better than this scandalous way of begging : To which *Eustace* replied, *That de King had maude him a Justishe of Peashe in Teagueland, and he would not accept of any Preferment in de Army, but dat shome great Men did detain his Paupers from him ; and, said he, on my Shoul I cannot go for Teagueland till dey will give me my Paupers, indeed.*

X V.

The said *Eustace* did frequent a certain Printer's House near *Charing-Cross*, that the People were wearied of him, and the Master said before a Gentleman's Servant that lodged in his House, I would fain be rid of this Fellow, that *Eustace*, for I can never be quiet for him. Said the Gentleman's Servant, I will shoot him for you if you will. No, says the Master, I would not have him hurt. Well, said the Servant, I will not hurt him. Then, said the Master, do what you will to him. So *Eustace* one day standing with his back to the Window of the back-Shop of the Printer,

and the Printer being walking and talking with a Friend, the Gentleman's Servant happened to come down to the Shop, and spying *Eustace* at the Window, pops out a pocket-Pistol, and there being a pain broke, he fires the Pistol under *Eustace's* ear; It did no further hurt than cause his Peruke to stink for the present, but *Eustace* falls down, and cries out, *Oh poor Eustace, bee Chreesht, poor Eustace, de King's Evidenshe ish killed, I am Dead, I am Dead*: The Printer finding some red Ink, sprinkle some upon his Face and Cloaths as he lay tumbling, sometimes with his Face upward, and his Eyes shut, sometimes on his Back, roaring out, *That he wash murdered, and de King's besht Evidenshe shlain*; at length having continued in this manner some time, and no body condoling him (for it was a back-place where few People came) he began to take some Courage, and rubbing himself with his hands about his Face, he opened his Eyes, and saw his hands (as he thought) all bloody, which was only the red Ink; then he cried out louder, and tumbled up and down, saying, *Bee Chreesht, mee heart Bloud ish out, and, upon mee Shalvashion, I have wash'd mee hands in mee heart Bloud*

O! for de Shoul of Shaint Pautrick help poor Eustace, whose heart Bloud ish spilt for de King's shake: But those which were there by, did so flout and jeer him, that at last he got up upon his Legs, and Dog-trotted it away, being never after seen there. A pretty way to be rid of impertinent Irish-Beggars.

XVI.

A certain Teaguelander came to two of his Comrades, and said to them, *Who, Dear Joys, do you tink ish dead, bee Chreesht? I cannot tell* (says one.) The other answered in the same manner. *Why fait, Dear Joy, it ish our Friend Mac-Donnel; and au mee Shoul you musht come to de Funeral: Quoth the Teagueland's Comrades, When did our Friend die? says the Bog-trotter, He did die to morrow, bee Chreesht. Then, quoth they, when will he be buried? He will be buried Yesterday,* (says he) *lesh indeed; and so God roast hish Shoul.*

XVII.

One of St. Patrick's Country-men belonging to a certain Lord, enquired in
Dublin

Dublin in a certain Street for the Sign of the *White Dog*, to which he was answered, That there was no such Sign as that; he goes a little further, *Dear Joy* (says the *Teaguelander*) *cansht* don't tell me where *de White Dog* ish? No, said the Man, there is no such Sign in this Street. *Bee Chreesht*, says the other, *It musht be in disht Street*. Then says the Man, There is the *Talbot*, but no *White Dog*: *Po, po, po*, *Joy*, *bee Chreesht dat ish de White Dog*. Says the Man, I tell you, No, it is the *Talbot*. Said the *Teaguelander*, *Hold, mee Dear Joy*, you *musht* not call it *de Talbot*, but *de White Dog*, for *de Lord T-----*'s name ish *Talbot*, derefore you *musht shay*, *de White Dog*.

XVIII.

A certain Lady sending her Servant for some Candles, the Fellow meeting with a Comrade of his, stood talking in the Street with him, and having the Candles tied up in a bunch, he held them dangling in his hand; by and by comes a drunken Fellow along, and it happened that this drunken Fellow beat the Candles out of his hand into the dirt, the Weather being very dirty. O (said the *Teaguelander*)

lander) bee Chreesht I am undone, mee Landy will mauke a break upon my Pate, and turn me away! O what will I do? my Candles are all shpoiled in de Dirt: But the Candles had received no other prejudice than being dirty. Says Mac to his Countryman, Mee Dear Joy, predee tell me what I shall do to mauke my Caundles clean and white as dey were; for, on mee Shoul, I dare not go home to mee Landy till I have made dem clean: So laying their Noddles together, it was agreed by them both to go to the next Coffee-House. Says Mac, Hark; mee Dear Joy (to the Master) I fait, I have had a great Mishfortune, my Caundles have fall in de Dirt, and I dare not go home to my Landy before dey be clean; predee Joy, if dou can'st mauke 'em clean, I shall tank dee, and I will spend shome Money in dy House, on mee Shoul I will, Dear Joy. Well, said the Coffee-man, let me see them; the Coffee-man took them and put them into a Platter, and wash'd them with some hot Liquor, so that the dirt came off, and some of the Tallow also; but they were clean; so the Coffee-man brought Mac the Candles. Said Mac, Now bee Chreesht, and de Deevil tanke me, I shwear bee him dat made me, dou hasst done dem very weel, but on my Shoul, Dear Joy, dou must

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dry dem too, for dey be all wet. Where shall I dry them (said the Coffeeman?) Po, po, po, Joy, (says he) come hider wit me, and I will shew dee; so he took the Candles and hung them in the Chimney. Then said he, Good Masther Coffee-man, predee give me a Pipe of Tobacco, I will shmoak one Pipe, and bee dat time dey will be dry indced. While this Son of Teagueland was smoaking, the Candles melted away all the while; so that when poor Mac's Pipe was out, he sought for his Candles, but he could find none; then said he, Bee Chreesht, de damn'd Rogue(h have stole me Caundles! O mee Shout, I must not go home to mee Landy widout mee Caundles: But the Coffee-man presently showed him the Wicks of his Candles, and told him, the Tallow was all melted into the fire. This is an Experiment, how to dry Candles when they are wet.

XIX.

Another of the Sons of Teagueland having got into the Service of a worthy Gentleman, and lying with the rest of the Servants who did usually Fart, Mac told his Master of it, and said to him, Dear Joy, predee mauke anoder Lodging, for I cannot lie wid dy nasty Sharvants.

Quoth

Quoth the Master, What is the matter?
Bee Chreesht (says *Mac*) *dey do so fart and*
stink, dat, O mee Shoul, it does mauke me very
sick. (Quoth the Master) how can that
 make you sick? *Tesh indeed* (says *Mac*)
for bee Chreesht de stink of de Fart does get
into mee Noshe, shometime into mee Mouth,
and it goes down into mee Bally, and does
mauke me full of de Gripe of de Gut, on me
Shalwashion it ish true, and I tauke mee
Snush, and bee Chreesht it all shmell of Fart;
 so his Master promised to remedy the
 matter for him.

XX.

Another Son of Teagueland drinking
 Brandy with his Comrade (said to the o-
 ther) Dear Joy, we *musht not drink too*
mush Braundy, it will mauke ush sleep, and
den we shall be dead, as mee Friend wash de
oder day. Says the other, How dead! I
 prethee how dost thou mean? He re-
 plies, *Bee Chreesht I had a dear Friend*
did drink so mush Braundy he did fall ashsleep,
and, bee Chreesht, when he awaked he wash
dead, yesh indeed.

XXI.

A certain Nobleman had a Servant of *Teagueland*, whom he loved very well, and would intrust him with his Plate, and made him his Butler; this Fellow continued honest a while, and having occasion to drink with one of his Country-men, wanted Money to entertain him abroad: having thought on several ways to get some, at last he took one of his Master's Dishes, which was Silver (as his Lord us'd nothing else) and found out a way to cut out his Master's Coat of Arms from the Plate, and threw the rest down the Vault, because it should not be seen to accuse him of his Theft. When he had so done, he and his Friend went to the Ale-house, and having plentifully liquor'd themselves, the aforesaid Butler call'd to the People to change his Money, and gave this piece to them, which was about the bigness of half a Crown; the People refus'd it, and said, it was none of the King's Coin; *Beu mee Shoul*, said *Mac*, *it ish a very good haulf Crown, and I will go. and change it*; so being near his Lords House, he went home and shewed it to one of his Lords Gentlemen, and said, *Dear Joy*, *'predee*

give

give me two Shilling and six Penshe for dish
haulf Crown. The Gentleman answered,
How Sirrah! this is my Lord Dukes Coat
of Arms: Po, po, po, po, Joy! O mee Shoul,
dere ish de King on Horseback; it ish a vary
good haulf Crown; but the Lord Duke be-
ing acquainted of the Passage, examined
Mac where he had it; Bee mee Shoul, said
his Servant, *don didst put haulf Crowns*
upon dy Plate, and I had occasion to mauke
use of one wid mee Country-man, and I did
tauke it from dy Plate: The Lord said,
You Rogue, where is the rest of the Plate?
Po, po, Joy, bee Chreesht dere is no more haulf
Crowns upon it, it ish good for noting; O mee
Shoul, I did sling de resht in de Houshe-of-
Offishe; O Villain! said the Noble-man,
do you use these Rogueries? I thought
you very honest; O mee Shoul, Dear Joy,
be not angry, says the Teaguelander, here ish
dy haulf Crown, and I will fetch dee de resht
of dy Plate, if *don cansht mauke more haulf*
Crowns upon it.

XXII.

A certain Noble-man having one of
these Macs to his Servant, sent him to his
Druggster for some Sarsaparilla (for his
Lord boiled it with some other Ingre-
dients,

dients, and drank it as some drink *Tea.*) The Servant went to the Drugsters, and said, *Mee Mashter must have shome shaushy Fellow from dish Shop ;* the Master of the Shop examined his Men, which of them had affronted my Lord, that he should fend in this manner ? but his Servants denied that they ever gave occasion to my Lord to be angry. Whereupon the Master went along with the Lords Servant to beg pardon or excuse if any thing had disliked his Lordship ; and as soon as his man returned, the Lord asked him for the *Sarsaparilla* ; the Servant replied, *Here ish de Mashter of de Shop, I have brought him wid me :* You Rogue (quoth the Gentleman) I bid you bring some *Sarsaparilla* ; *Bee Chreesht* (says the Servant) *dere ish no shaushy Fellow dere :* At which the Lord and the Drugster laughed heartily at the Ignorance of the Fellow ; the Master returned home, and sent the *Sarsaparilla* by his Man.

XXIII.

Another Virtuoso of *Teagueland*, being invited to a Venison-Pasty, after he had fed very well, and satisfied himself, he came among his Friends and Countrymen in the Evening, and as they were drinking

drinking, one begun to talk what a rare Dinner he had this Day, and another told his Entertainment. At last the Virtuoso that had din'd with the Pasty, said, *Bee Chreesht I did dine wid a Venison-Pashty, it ish true; but, O mee Shoul! when it wash frst cut up, dere did come shush an Echo from it, dat it wash ready to strike me down.* Some Moderns call it a *Hogo*.

XXIV.

Two certain *Teaguelanders* consulted together how they might raise their Fortunes, and get Money; one of them that had observed some body burning of Gold and Silver Lace, was resolved to make a trial upon gilded Leather, so he imparted this to his Comrade: *Dear Foy, says he, you musht assbisht me; dere ish in shush a plaushe a room wid guilt Leader, we will cut away de guilt Leader and burn it, and, in fait, we will be merry wid de Money we mauke of it.* They both put their Resolution in practice, and spoile a whole Room of that Furniture, and went away with it to have it burn'd: so they went to an Ale-house near their Masters House, where they called for a Faggot and burnt it, and put the guilt Leather in the fire; having drunk

drunk a Pot or two, by that time the Fire and Leather was consumed ; so they got a Broom and swept up the Ashes and all together, and then searched for the Gold that should come from the Leather ; at last both of them being impatient, having raked a pretty while, and could find nothing ; the one said to the other, *Bee Chreesht, I cannot find de Gold, don h-shr stole de Gold.* Says the other, *O mee Shoul ! don art a lying Rogue, don hasht rubbed me of mee part and stole it away.* At these words they were so hot at it, that at last with the Noise and Fury of the *Teaguelanders*, the Master came to part them, and enquire into the matter, and found they had been burning of gilded Leather to get the Gold from it ; so he discovered from whence they stole it, and the poor *Teaguelanders* had the gentle Lash for it.

XXV.

A certain *Teaguelander* being upon his Journey, in his way chanced to light upon a small Pig ; says he to the Pig, *Little Pig, will don come and live wid me a month ;* the Pig *W'd*, a-week, a-week, a-week, a-week, four times, *Den bee Chreesht,* says *Ma,* *dat ish a month, for four weeks mauke*
a month ;

a month; but poor *Mac* was taken for stealing the Pig, and carried before a Justice, to whom *Mac* made this Defence, *Mr. Justice, On mee Shalvashion! de Pig did promise to live wid me a month, but if de Man will have him sooner, here ish de Pig for him.*

XXVI.

Another of the same Country happened into the Service of a very honest Gentleman, who was much pleased with his Servants talk; but his Master one time sent him to receive forty Pounds, and to bring it to him to such a place, if he should not be at home. Now *Mac* had been very just and faithful in several services his master had employed him in many times before, and his master did not doubt him in this affair; however *Mac* goes according to his masters order and receives the forty Pounds. Poor *Mac* never saw the like before, and having the money, resolved to run away with it to his own Country; but withal, he went home first to take some of his linnen, and other things with him, which he was not willing to leave behind, little thinking to meet his master there. When poor *Mac* came

came in to the House, the first he met with was his master; says his master, How now *Mac*, hast thou received the money I sent thee for? At which being surprised, *Mac* could not presently answer. Says his master, Why don't you tell me Sirrah, whether you have received the money? Quoth *Mac*, *De Deevil tauke dee and dy money too*. Why so angry *Mac*? says the master, Quoth *Mac*, *A Plague tauke dee and dy money too, I shay; and dere ish dy money, and de Deevil tauke it*: Prethee why so angry, says the master? Says *Mac*, *Bee Chreesht, when I had received dy money, de Deevil did tempt me to run away wid it, yesh indeed; but my Conshienshe came behind me, and fetch'd me back again, and so de Deevil tauke dee and dy money too*; Why *Mac*, where would you have run with it? Quoth *Mac*, *O mee Shoul! into mine own Country, in Macland*. Then quoth the master, I should have follow'd you thither, and put you in Prison: *Po, po, po, po, Foy, bee Chreesht if dou hadst come dere, dou shouldst have been my Man dere.*

XXVII.

One *Barnewell* of *Dunbrough* in *Teagueland*, being a young man, and his Father having

having a very handsome Maid-servant in his House, the Son had a great mind to lie with her; and upon a certain time when he went to the Priest to Confession, amongst the rest of his Sins, he confessed to his Father Friar that he longed to lie with the Maid, but he never did attempt it; the Priest told him it was a great sin nevertheless; for, said the Priest, thou hast committed Fornication in thine Heart, because thou didst Lust after her, and therefore thou must do Penance for this, for it is an Abomination; so the Priest enjoin'd young *Barnewell* to go thirty miles to a certain Church, and there to Pray, and that he must go and come back barefoot to Expiate his Crime: The which poor *Barnewell* was forced to do, because he would not disoblige his own Father; but he was so gall'd and lam'd, and his feet so sore in the performance thereof, that he vow'd revenge upon the Priest; and it fell out, that upon a certain day a little after his Penance, as *Barnewell* was looking about and Plowing some Ground which his Father had given him, he spy'd the Priest's Mare looking into an Oat-field of his, but could not get to it; so *Barnewell* called his man, and said to him, *Dost thou not see the Priest's Mare yonder looking into me*

mee Field of Oates? bee Chreesht de Mare does lusht after mee Oates, and I will mauke de Mare do Penaunshes for it: So Barnewell and his man caught the Priest's Mare, and opened an old stinking Pidgeon-house, and put the Mare in. The Priest the next day having occasion for his Mare, could not find her, and sent all about to enquire after his Mare, but could hear no tidings; this continued about five days. The Priest then meeting with a Smith who was a Neighbour to Barnewell, asked him concerning his Mare; the Smith told him, He believed Barnewell had play'd a trick with his Mare, because he vow'd (saith the Smith) to be revenged upon you for making him do Penance. Quoth the Priest I have searched all about Barnewell's house and ground, but I cannot find her. Quoth the Smith to the Priest, Father, have you searched the Pidgeon-house? No bee mee Shoul, said the Priest. Then the Smith and the Priest searched the Pidgeon-house, and there found the Mare almost starved, and Chop-fallen; the Priest complained to Barnewell's Father of his Roguery, at which the Old-man began to reprove his Son, and said, Dou great Rogue, why doesst thou do shush tings to de Holy Man? His Son answered him, On mee Shoul, Fader,

he did mauke me do Penamshe becaushe I did confesh to him I had a mind to lie wid dy Maid, and he did tell me, I did lusht after her, tho I did not lie wid her, and, bee Chreesht, did mauke me go Thirty Miles barefoot, and mee Feet are shore to dish day; and hish Mare did lusht after mee Oates, tho he did not eat any, derefore I shaid de Mare should do Penamshe, becaushe he did look and lusht after mee Corn, yesh indeed.

XXVII.

Will (who was Footman to Sir Henry---) meeting with Mac, who was in the same quality with Esq; F——; Says Will, How the pox didst thou come by that broken Face, Mac? hast thou been in the Wars? or hath some Female scratch'd thee? No bee Shaint Antony (replied Mac) I will tell dee, indeed, I did go and mauke debaush wid shome of mee Countrymans, and when I did seee I wash sho drunk dat I could not go nor stand, I did rin home ash fast as I could drive, indeed; and, bee de Mash, I did fall asleep in de Street bee de way, and did mauke great break upon mee Fau'le wid de fall, and de Watchmans did tanke me up, and carry me home, indeed. What in the Devils name is all this (says Will) thou couldst not go
nor

nor stand, and yet didst run home, and yet fell dead drunk in the way, and were carried home! Why, saith *Mac*, this is very astonishing.

XXIX.

A *Dear Joy* that had waited on a Gentleman into *Spain*, told some of his Comrades, that the King of *Spain* lived at a very great and splendid rate, for that, I have sheen (quoth he) *bee Chreesht, tree or four shecond Courshes carried up to hish Tauble at one Dinner, in fait now, la!*

XXX.

Bryan having been sent on an Errant to a Gentlemans House in the Country, fell deeply in Love with a *Welch* Maid, who belonged to the Kitchen there; some time after he met a Footman belonging to the same Gentleman; *Bryan* desired him to tanke a Pot of Drink wid him for a quarter of an hour, while he did mauke request to some Skriviner to write a Letter for him to *Urshula*; wish being done, *bee mee Shoul*, I will pray him (says he) to shend it upon *Urshula be de Waterman*, indeed.

The

The Letter.

Shweet Mrs. Urshula,

BEE de hem of mee Modersb
Smock, and bee all de Usquebab
dat wash drunk at mine Fadersb Wed-
ding; de Deevil tauke me indeed, but
I be sbo much in Love wid dee, dat I
cannot go to Bed all de long Night for
sleeping upon dee; and I cannot be upon
waking, but, de Deevil tauke me, I do
fall upon dreaming consbarning dy
shweet shelf, indeed; den do I tink what
ish de matter? what ish de matter wid
mine own shelf? and I do find it ish
att for much Love consbarning dee, in
fait: Bee mee Shalvasbion I will tell
dee what I will do, indeed, and I will
put kish upon dy Fausbe indeed, and I
will be for mauking Child upon dy Bo-
dy, indeed, and I will mauke a great
deal more consbarning dee, den dine
own Moder, in fait. Now de Deevil
tauke de fashien, dat when two young
Couple

Couple of Man and Woman be for coming togeder wid one anoder, dat dere must be maunking upon de great Sheremony of de Priesbt, and all de People to mauke Witness upon it: Bee mee Shoul I will not mauke staying sho long, but I will be dine Husband widout all dat now; and bee Shaint Pautrick, I will love de like any ting, indeed. I will sbend to Tredagh for mine Modersb tree Goats, four Sheeps, one Filly Mare, and de Tanny Cow, and we will be for mauking a Daury in Lincolns-Inn-Fieldsh, bee Chreesbt, and we will mauke Butter, and Cheesbe, and Eggs, and put our shelves into Plausbe and Preferment every day, indeed; and we will sbing Curds and Cream, bee Chreesbt, and Butter and Eggs, Bonny-Clabber and Tiff, until de Cow shall have Caulf, de Mare shall have Colt, de Goats shall have Kid, and Urshulah shall have Child, indeed; and den we will sbet up Housb-keeping, and be for tiving all togeder, bee Chreesbt, asb it ish de fashon in
mine

mine awn Country, in fait. Now de Deevil tauke me, dear Joy, dou shalt be for shending Aunswer to what I have sent dee by de Skriviner, and if dee wilt meet me to morrow Morning at Four of de Clock in de Afternoon, at de Hole in de Wall, wee will go to Bed and be Marry'd presbantly, indeed, widout de charge of de Wedding, and de Priesbt's Fees, bee Chreesbt, and we will put de great Cheat upon our Parents, and bee me Shoul we will be Married, dear Joy, and none body shall be wiser for it, indeed: And being at shuch distansbe dat I cannot come to put Kish upon dy sweet fausbe, I will put a hundred Kishes upon disb Pauper, and shend mee Sharvisbe and mee Affu-ction to dee, indeed; and on mee Shal-washion I will alwaysb be

Dine owne Dear Joy,

B R Y A N.

I have given de Waterman Shixpense to bring it to dee, to shave de charge of de Penny-Posht, in fait.

D

The

The Water-man was punctual, and put the Letter in *Ursula's* own hand the same Evening, telling her he had it from her *Sweet-heart*; at which she smiled like a *Furmy Kettle*. When the Water-man was gone, she shews her Letter to the *Butler* to read it for her (but you must know) under an Obligation of secrecy; he made shift to *unriddle* the *mark* at the bottom, but for the rest, it was as unintelligible to him as the *Original Welch*, or the *unbaptized Characters* of *Arabia*: therefore they concluded it to be some very learned Language; and it was agreed, to desire the *Chaplain* to read it. He was almost gravelled at the first sight, but after some consideration he made shift to *Expound* it, and to *enlarge* upon the *Point*: Telling the Audience (who were composed of the *Vallet de Chambre*, the Butler, my Lady's Woman (who ought to have been named first) two Foot-men, the Coach-man, and three or four Servants of the Kitchen) That though the Letter in it self particularly considered, with respect to the *Hand-Maid* therein mentioned, and to whom it did immediately relate, favoured of nothing but a profound *Love* and sincere *Affection* (looking meltingly upon my Lady's Woman, and fetching a sigh) yet

some

some *Passages* therein contained, looked as black as the *Powder Plot*; and carried a deep *Conspiracy* in them, and that against the whole Body of Women; which, he said, he would prove in nineteen or twenty Particulars.

Just as he was going to hold forth, the Gentleman of the House came home, and crossing the Room where this grave Assembly were, hey da! (says he) What's here, a *Conventicle*? No an't please you, Sir, replied my Lady's Woman, here is, an't please you, Sir, such a discovery of a Design upon our Sex, by a Letter from an *Irish-man* to one of the Kitchen Maids, that if it be not prevented (an't please you) we are all undone. Well said *Betty*! (quoth the Gentleman) stand up for the Women, or thou wilt lose thy *Copy-hold*.

The Gentleman got into the Parlour to his Lady, called for the Chaplain and the Letter, which being read, he could hardly contain to hear the Comedy out; but that which most pleased him was, the Parson's *Expositions* and *Notes* thereon. *Betty*, all the while stood by my Lady's Chair, touching, and whispering my Lady at every Clause; Well, Madam, this is a dangerous Design against the

D 2

Women.

Women. The Gentleman, being loth to lose the further Diversion that might be improved upon so Comical a *Plot*, bid the Chaplain provide to go with him to the City to morrow, and to have the Letter with him, and he would take care to see the *Irish-man* call'd to account for his Design upon the Women. The Chaplain seem'd somewhat pacified with this, and in token thereof, tip'd a wink upon Mrs. *Betty*.

The next day the Gentleman met his Friend, the Master of *Bryan*, in *London*, at the *Coffe-house*; told him all the Story of his Man's Letter, the Chaplains *Notes* thereon, and the sport had been to himself and his Lady, and that the Parson and Letter were both in Town. His Friend replied, He was much pleased at the Conceit of it, and that he would have him and his Chaplain dine at his House; The Gentleman accordingly sent for his Chaplain, and they met at his Friends at Dinner. The love Letter was produced, and *Bryan* called *coram Nobis*; The Chaplain read the Indictment, by Explaining the Letter; and *Bryan* was examined upon the *premises*. *Bee Chreesht*, (dear Joy, says he to his Master) *Now de Deevil tauke me if dish Priesht be not de deevil*

deevilish Shon of a Whore, to make all dish
Treason upon me; what Plot ish it for me to
tell de Maid we will be marryed, ha! be
shaint Pautrick it ish shuch a damn ring, where
deshe Parshons do come into de Houshe dere be
no quiet, in fait. Dere ish shomething be-
shides, dat mauke me put Conshiderashion up-
on dee; indeed; and dat ish, in fait, to mauke
hanging upon me indeed, and den de wilt mauke
Marriage upon mine shweet Heart, mine Ur-
shula, indeed; and I will mauke shwear up-
on dee, dat de wash steal mine Letter out of
mine shweet heartsh pocketsh; and dee wilt
marry mine Urshula, and put me upon
mauke kill upon me selfe for Love, indced:
Woo! woo! woo! poo! Be Shaint Pautrick,
I will mauke Petishion for dy Plauske, now,
and mauke dee be put out of dy Chaplainsh
Commishion, and den I will mauke ride away
wid all de Women mine own shelfe, bee Chreesht,
and dee shalt hang dy shelfe before Urshula
will Love dee. Some strangers coming in
to make a Visitt, put a period to the rest
of the Comedy.

XXXI.

It was in Flanders that a certain Bog-
lander, who was of the Army there, hap-
pened to be very much smitten with the

Daughter of an Inhabitant at *Brussels*. The young Gentlewoman was a zealous frequenter of Mattins and Vespers, where he had often opportunity to see her, and consequently to be the more captivated; but it was impossible for him to get admittance to her, to make known the violence of his Passion, because of the vast distance their different Fortunes had put between them. He therefore made frequent Orisons, and was always perpetually ratling over his Beads, thumping his Breast, and using all the Demonstrations of a very frequent Devotion; in so much that a certain Boy, that belonged to one of the Fathers, had often observed him to pay his Adorations to one particular Shrine, and (by degrees) understood the business which put him upon those frequent Addresses. It was all for *Love*, forsooth, it was the heat of his Passion, that begat that of his Devotion. All his Applications were made to the Figure of a *Lady* with a Child in her Arms; whom he earnestly besought to Incline the *Idol* of his thoughts, to answer his Inclination with a reciprocal Passion, and to be so propitious as to favour his *Love* with a fortunate Minute, wherein he might discover the violence of that Irresistable Flame,

Flame, the Rays of her Beauty had kindled in him; with abundance of such Rhetorical Bombast, which he had picked (it's like) out of *Wu's-Common-Wealth*, or the *Academy of Complements*; but still accented and pronounced in the Tone of *Dear-Joy-Land*, intermixed with a World of *O homes! hoo! hoo! poo's!* and the like, one would have thought enough to have melted down a *Lady of Marble*. But though it obtained not the desired Effect, our Souldier knew not how to Despair; but daily repeated his Addresses, and renewed his Vows to the obdurate Shrine. The Boy before-mentioned, had one day placed himself behind the Statue, and that so advantagiously, that the Souldier did not observe him; but with a Tone and Gesture very pitiful, was heard to express himself to this purpose: *Deevil tauke me, Dear Joy, I have come a manny timesh, indeed, to make Shupplication to dee, and I can never get one word from dee, in fait; now bee his Holynes's Slipper, I tinke it ish very hard, indeed, dat dee should uske a body after such a fashion, bee Chreest. What do'st dee be in dish plaush for, if dee wilt not be sho shivil to manke Answer, when I speak to dee, indeed? I do shay, mee heart is almost broke to pieces, in fait, or dere ish*

no mauking belief in any body at all, bee Chreesht; and dee beesht slo hard hearted, dat if I do come to dee every day, indeed, dee wilt shay noting at all to me, in fait; and ish not dish very hard now? Yesh, bee Shaint Pautrick, it ish indeed; and yet for all dat, I musht be for coming to dee again, to mauke Shupplifications upon dee, dat I may understand if she will be mauking Love upon me, or no, bee Chreesht; and if I shall mauke Marriage upon her, indeed. No, no, says the Boy behind the Picture. At which, Dear Joy was in a very great discontent, and could hardly forbear falling into a Fumigation; but a little recollected, he proceeded: Now I predee, Dear Joy, let that shame pretty little Child hold his Tongue; speake to me with dine own Lips, indeed; What dost dee shay now? shall I ever come to Bed to dat pretty Woman dat I wash speaking to dee about? and, upon mee Shalvation, indeed, I will be for mauking Prayer to dee slo long ash I live, bee Chreesht: No, no, I say (says the Boy again) thou shalt never have her. Den de Deevil tauke me if ever I do mauke Prayers upon dee any more, bee mee Shoul: I will go and mauke hang upon mee selfe now, and de shalt never shee me faushe any more, in fait now, and slo fare dee well, Dear Joy, indeed. At which he march'd

march'd out of the Church in great Indignation; and the Boy was ready to burst with the thoughts how he had imposed upon poor *Boglander*.

XXXII.

A Dear Joy being Arraigned for stealing a Mare, and the Evidence making Oath they saw him lead her out of the Ground; he was at length asked, What he could say for himself? Now *de Deevil tauke me, in fait, (says he) but here ish de greatest parshel of Lawyers dat e-ver wash in de World; for upon mee Shal-vashion, Dear Joy, I did but tauke de end of the Bridle, in fait, and de Deevlish Fade came after, indeed, and I wash loath to cut off de end of de Bridle; and, bee Chreesht, if dee dosht mauke haung upon it, dere will be an end of mee Generashion, indeed; for mee Fader, mee Grandfar, mee great Grandfar, and two Broderish wash all hang'd for shometing one after anoder; shome wash for finding of Cowsh, shome for Sheepsh, and shome for mauking Murder, bee Chreesht; and de Deevil tauke de In-venshion of Hemp, in fait, for it will mauke destrucshion upon all me Fadersh Family, indeed. And, bee Shaint Pautrick, if dee*

doſt maſke putting de hang upon me, I will never maſke forget of it, indeed, La.

XXXIII.

A Dear Joy paſſing through a Market in London, and having a Mind to ſome of the brave Joints he ſaw, for Dinner, repairs to a Butchers-Stall, and aſking the price of a large Loyn of Veal, he was told, *Five Shillings : Bee mee Shoul, Dear Joy (quoth Patrick) dat iſh a great deal too muſh too dear ; but I will give dee Shixteen of his Maſeſty's Grausheſ Far-dings ; and, bee Shaint Pautrick, Joy, I tinke dat be a great deal.* The Butcher perceiving his Ignorance, ſhew'd him a Sheeps-head ; telling him, He might have that at the price ; at which he ſeemed ſatiſfied ; and (laying down the Far-things) took up the Sheeps-head to be gone with it : But (turning again to the Butcher) *I ſhall entreat dee to do me de favour, to do me de kindneſh, aſh to tell me how it muſt be dreſht now, or elſe I cannot tell what to do wid it, Joy :* With all my heart (quoth the Butcher) and calling for Pen, Ink and Paper, writ down this following Receipt :

- ℞. 6 Cabbage-Stumps.
 10 Mushrooms.
 20 Potatoes. 7 or 8 Leeks.
 4 Ounces of Tobacco.
 1 Pint of Oat-meal.
 1 Pound of *Irish* Butter.

Boil all till it be enough, and serve it up with the Sheeps-Head.

Now, bee Chreesht, and bee Shaint Pan-trick (says Teague) I tanke dee wid all mee heart now; when we meet in de Parke, I will give dee a whole Farding-worth of Ginger-Bread, or what dee shalt like of now; and so put the Note in his Pocket. But as Dear Joy was marching off with his Mutton, a Dog that waited about the Shambles, takes hold of it; whereat Dear Joy e'en let it go. Some Standers-by (thinking he came by it by chance) called out to him, You have lost your Dinner; the Dog is gone away with your Dinner. But Dear Joy (comforting himself with the thoughts of his Receipt) reply'd to them: And bee mee Shoul, e'en let him tanke it, d'ee see; for de Deevil a bit knows he what to do to dresh it; I have de Receipt in mee own Pocket, indeed.

XXXIV.

Some of the Natives of *Bog-land*, walking one day by the *Mall*, and perceiving some Trees cut down that stood near the Wall, great debate arose what should be the meaning of it; at length quoth one of them, *Now de Deevil e'en tanke me, if it should not be e'en because dey should not hinder de growing of de Wall, now!*

XXXVII.

A certain Nobleman gave his Footman a Letter to deliver to a Gentleman of his Acquaintance; but he coming to the House, seeing the Door fast, and an Ape sitting on the Bench, with a Cloak and long Breeches, fairly delivers Pugg the Letter, saying, *I wou'd pray dee to do me de kindness, as to do me de favour, to give disb shame Letter to dy Mausher, when he comes home; and I should be glad to drink a Bottle of Wine wid dee, indeed now, at another time: And so takes his leave of him.* At his return, his Lord ask'd him him, *How thee Gntleman did, and, Whether he had deliver'd him the Letter? No, hee mee Fair (quoth Diego) I did not seee him,*

him, but I gave de Letter to mee Countryman at de Door. What then (quoth the Lord) hath he a Countryman of yours for a Footman? Yesh indeed hath he, Dear Joy (reply'd he) and he ish mee own Coushin; I shaw his Mantle and Brogues, indeed.

XXXVIII.

Another of the Sparks coming one Evening by an Ox-cheek-woman; I predee (saith he) wilt dou not cut me out shome of dee Roasht-meat? I will pay dee for it, in Fait. How much will you please to have, Sir? (quoth the Woman) So taking out a Farthing he replied, As mush as dee wilt spare for dish. Away you Rapeskallion, quoth she, do you think I steal my Cheek? Now de Deevil tanke me for dee now (replied he) if dee beesh not de great Shon of a Whore now; for we can buy a Cow in our Country for a Noble, and dee wilt not shell me a little pieshe of her Faushe for a Farding: now de Deevil tanke dee now.

XXXIX.

Donnel was preferr'd from being a Skip, to marry my Lady's Chamber-maid, and received 50 pound in consideration of a crack'd.

crack'd Pitcher, which he took for her honest Portion: About three weeks after, the Bride was delivered of a Child; and *Donnel* being at his Master's House, the Lady told him, She did not think him to have been such an active Man, to have a Child so soon: *Bee mee Shoul, mee Dear Landy* (replied he) *and why shouldst dee tink me shush a Fumbler, when mee own Moder wash brought to Bed of me two months before she wash married? In fait now, I should have thought mee Peggy had been Barren, if she had not Kidded in tree weeksh after.*

XL.

Another *Teaguelander* was pursued for stealing a Silver-hilted Sword, and being seized by the Beadle and the Rabble, was carried to the *Round-house*: Said the Prisoner to the Beadle; *Now, upon mee Fait, I will put great kindnessh upon dee, if dou wilt do me de favour to do me de Friendship to speak to de Constable's Graushe, not to mauke a Rogue of me, and dee shalt have mee planshe upon mee Petishion.* I beg your Pardon, quoth the Beadle; for I never knew he that was born a Rogue could be made otherwise.

XLI.

A Native of *Teagueland* passed by when several Gentlemen were looking on a new-built-house, and saying, It was of the *Italian* fashion: *I predee tell me, Dear Shoul now* (quoth he to one of them) *and I pray dee, where wash it built? in England?* No! no! (said one of the Gentlemen merrily) It was built in *Venice*, and the *Cham* of *Tartary* sent it over upon a Caravan, drawn by White-Bears. *De Desvil tanke me now* (quoth *Teague*) *if dish be not so great a Miracle, ash Shaint Loretto.*

XLII.

A Gentleman going down into the Country in his own Coach, it happened the Horses tired, and he was forced to put into an Inn, which by no means he approved of: One of the Footmen (being a *Teague*) came to the Coachman, telling him, That, *Bee Chreesht, hish Maushter wash resolved not to lie in dat Inn; and dat it would be de besht way, to drive de Coach onward before, and de Horsbes might come after de next day, when dey had rested.*

XLIII. A

XLIII.

A certain *Teaguelander* fearing that a Shower that fell might spoil his gay Trappings, called for a Chair, but the subtle Chair-man knowing his Quality, placed him in a Chair without a Bottom ; and so between leading and driving, he was fain to pass through all the dirt in the Streets, until he came to his Lodging ; and then gave them a Shilling Beveridge, for his first being carried in a Chair : But coming into the House, and finding his new Shooes and Stockings in a nasty pickle ; *Bee Shaint Pantrick* (said he) *and bee all de Ghostly Faders, I tink de English bee very mush unkind to himself, to be carried in a Chair a-Foot, when dey may ride in de Cart on Horseback.*

XLIV.

Two of these Sparks walking in *St. James's Park*, when all the Lime-Trees were in Blossom ; quoth one to the other, *Now upon mee Life, Shweet Joy, it will be brave pashtime to walk here when de Nuts are ripe : I shall wish mee to be a Squirril wid all mee Shoul, to crack upon every Bough :*
Den.

Den shall de Wives dat keep the Two-penny Ordinaries hang demshelves in de Deevil's naume.

XLV.

Two *Irish* Souldiers, and two *Scots*, being together in an Ale-house; amongst other Discourse, one of the *Scots* hapned to admire that one of his Officers should be turned *Catholick*; saying, He knew not any thing that could perswade a man to leave the *Protestant Religion* for That; whereupon one of the *Dear Joys*, (after much clamour and hubbub) drew his Sword, and attempted the *Scot*; he in the mean time not only defended himself, but worsted the *Irishman*, whilst the other two fairly stood Spectators: At length, the noise brought the Master of the House into the Room; whereupon *Teague* began to accuse his Brother *Irishman*; Swearing upon hish *Shalva*shion, he *was*h an Enemy to *Chreesht*, and *Shaint* *Pau-trick*; and dat he will put de *Shwear* upon de *Scots-man* for *speaking* *Treason*; Whereupon his Friend, and the other declared, There had not one word pass'd about the Government; But *Teague* returned to raye and swear, *Bee de Mash* (and what else

else his Education suggested) he will put de Shwear upon all of dem; for, in Fait, if noting wash spoken against his King's Majesty's Graushe, yet wash dere very great Treashon against de Papish.

XLVI.

Two Natives seeing a Gentleman (newly come over from France) wearing a rich Mazarine Blew-cloath Coat, well trimmed and made; Quoth one to the other, Upon mee Life, and mee Shalvashion, ish not dat a very pretty Mantle? I would put a great kindnes upon any dear Love, dat shall be sho kind to be sho shivil, ash to put shush kindnes upon me now: Ay (quoth the other) if I could get a Scarlet one of dat Colour, it will very mush help to get ush into Plaushes, Dear Joy.

XLVII.

Another having (for some special Service) received some Guinnea's, and making shew of them to some of his old Fellow Natives in the Country; they were much smitten at the tempting lustre, and wish'd themselves Sharers of such Rarities. Bee Shaint Pautrick (quoth he) I
tink

think dey must be very Fools dat will stay at home in Dublin, in want of shush Money: Deevil tauke me, if dey be not sho plenty in London, dat a Man cannot receive thirty or forty Shillings widout tauking sheven or eight of dem; yesh indeed now.

XLVIII.

An *Irish* Piper travelling in the Woods, was beset by three Wolves; and to discharge himself of that fear, he threw the scraps he had to one and the other; but his store was soon spent, and they came near upon him; at which he began to play upon his Pipe, and they all soon fled; upon which (quoth he) *Bee Chreesht, if I had known ye loved Piping sho well, I would e'en have shaved mee Dinner.*

XLIX.

A *Dear* Joy having been on a time advanced from skipping over the Boggs to ride on Horse-back; his Footman followed smoothing the Horse on the Buttocks with his hand, at which the Jade kick'd him on the Skins; the Footman enraged, threw a stone at the Horse, and hit his Master smartly between the Shoulders; who

who (suddainly looking back) demanded *What ish de matter?* His man replied (holding his Leg) Sir, your Horse hath almost broken my Leg, with the kick he gave me: *Now de Deevil tauke me* (replied he) *if he have not almosht broke mee back wid de kick he gave me betwixt de Shoulder, and if it caushe mee Death within Twelve Months and a Day, I will e'en see him hang'd for it, indeed.*

L.

Patrick meeting Bryan in the Park, *Dosht dou not shee,* Bryan (quoth he) *what very fine and proper Mans our Country-mans be? here ish at least two or tree score walking in de Park, and, bee Chreesht, dey be justh like de high Trees amongst de low Trees; do dey not look very fit for de Plaushes? yesh, bee mee Shoul do dey* (replied Bryan) *and I understand dat de Black Guard have no General put upon dem all dish while; and, bee Chreesht, I will mauke Petition upon de King's Graushe, to be mauke General of de Black-Guard. Predee, Dear Bryan, what ish dat Guard?* (said the other.) *Why, bee Shaim Pautrick, Joy,* (answered he) *It ish de Guard over his Majesty's Grooms Horshe; and dat ish mush better dan to ride a-foot, indeed,*

indeed. Ay, but (replied the other) I will pray for dy Shoul when dou art dead, indeed, if dee wilt put me upon de Petishion, to be a Duke, and a Captain of a Foot Company in de Horshe Guards, mee Joy; dat will be brave, indeed. Pox on you, for a couple of Buffle-headed Coxcombs (quoth a Sentinel that stood by) ye are tall Fellows indeed, and fit to be exalted in high Places; what a Deevil are ye, but like high-built Houses, that however the low Rooms are furnish'd, are sure to have empty Garrets?

L I.

Come Bryan (said Dennis) I will tell dee, bee mee Shoul, I have been at hish-Majesty's Graushe, de Earl of Tyrconnel, and have great kindneshe put upon me; and we will go (dear Joy) to de Coffee-houshe, and bee mee Shoul, I have eight half-Crown-Fardings, and we will mauke drink upon a Pipe of Tobacco, and shmoak upon a Dish of Coffee.

L II.

There is doubtless an Inclination to Supremacy in every Mortal; and upon that account, Donnel was resolved to ride Admiral

76 *Caughlin and Jett; 17*
miral over his Harlot, who had been
some forsaken Jilt, and had cast and foyld
many a Rider. A great dispute arose be-
tween these two, over a Two-penny
Treat of stinking Herrings, and mouldy
Cheese, upon a *Festival-day*: *Damn ye,*
for a Bish! (said he) *have I not been dese*
nine month putting up Petishion for to get a
Plausbe, and have put mush kindness upon dy
Body, and Reputashion for mee own dear Con-
cubine, and cansht dou provide no better En-
tertainment for a proper Man? *I shall be for-*
ced to put Chastishment upon dy Body, and
manke de know better what ish dy Duty to dy
Maushter. Out, you Lousie Bog-trotting
Skip (quoth she) thou mightest have star-
ved, if I had not provided for thee, and
dost thou now begin to huff, in hopes of
a Place? marry troop up, Bonny-clap-
per. At which, with his *Bayonet*, he
gives her a cut over the Fingers, and says,
Hoo! hoo! bee Chreesht, Dear Joy, dou
beesht a damn Shon of a Whore, bee Chreesht;
but I tink, dere ish an ear-mark for dee; and
if dat be not shatishfacshion to put stop upon
dy bashe tongue, bee Shaint Pautrick, I shall
give dee a Breakfasht before dee go to Bed,
indeed.

LIII.

Dennis was Footman to a great Duke of the *English* Nation ; who had often observed him to have an abounding Ignorance, like other *Teaguelanders* : It was resolved one Afternoon to make Trial of his Talent, and there being an Effigies made ready, and drest in the Duke's Clothes, *Dennis* was suddenly called into the Room, and to go quickly into the Garden, and see to receive his Master, for that he was just going to cast himself out of the Chamber-window. Down goes the Footman, and the Effigies was put almost out of the Window, and taken in again, six or seven times : At length, *Dennis* being concerned that his Lord did not cast himself out all that time, was heard to say, *Now de Deevil tanke me, if dee shallst not throw dy shelf down for me : Bee Shaint Pautrick, if dee wilt not come down, den e'en go and bang dy shelf ; bee Chreesht, I have catch dee in mine Armesht now five or shix timesh ; and yet, de Deevil tanke dee, dee wilt not be coming down now.* At which the Effigies was cast out, and fell upon *Dennis's* Head ; *Now de Deevil break dy Neck, Dear Joy* (quoth *Dennis*)
if

if dee hasht not killed me dead upon de plaush, in fail; mee Neck ish broken upon mee Shoulder, and dee will not speak upon me; now de Deevil tauke dee; Hoo! hoo! hoo! poo! poo! poo! what will I do? I will e'en hang dee up now; and, bee Chreesht, dey will tink I have made hang upon mee shelf now; yesh, bee Chreesht, dat will I do now: And accordingly tied up the Effigies to a Tree in the Garden, and presently run into the House with the sad tydings, That, hish Graushe had castt himshelf out at de Window, and broke Dennis's Neck; and de Deevil tauke me, but I did run preshantly, and mauke hang him upon a Tree in de walke of de Garden, now; and, bee Chreesht, mee heart be very shad now, dat it ish. At which the Servants ran into the Garden, and (seeing the Effigies hang on the Tree) laid hold on Dennis; telling him, That he must be hanged for killing his Master; that they must have him committed to Prison to be tryed the next Assizes: At which Dennis fell upon his Knees, and embraces the Leggs of the Effigies; crying unto it in a pittiful Tone; Now, I would mauke Prayer upon dy Graushe, and speak to Shaint Pautrick for dee, if dee would but speak a word or two upon me; didst dee not throw dy Graushe out at de Window, and
brauke

brauke mee Neck, indeed? Hoo! hoo! poo! shpeak, and I will pray for dy Shoul, indeed. At which the Duke, and divers Gentlemen (who had all this while seen and heard the Comedy) came into the Garden, and walked to the Place where they were passing Sentence upon the Footman; at which Dennis let go the Effigies, and took hold of the Duke; crying out, Now de Deevil tauke me, for dee; and by all de Shaints of mee Country, for all I did mauke hang upon dy Graushe upon dish Tree, yet dee beesht come now to shave me from mauking die for dee. Upon mee Shalvashion, dish be de greater Miracle, dan all in Shuint Pautrick. They were all mightly diverted with Dennis's humour, and extreamly satisfied of his Talent.

LIV.

One that seem'd to be a Gentleman of the same Country, coming into a Room where a late great Monarch was eating Oysters; he was observed to look very earnestly upon him, and still as his Majesty suck'd in an Oyster, he would be sucking and licking his Lips, as if he had been likewise eating Oysters; which a Gentleman, then in waiting, observing,

E

he

he takes up one of the Oysters, and gave it the *Dear Joy*; telling him, That if he could crack that Oyster for the King, he might be advanced to the Place of His Majesty's Oyster-Cracker: Upon this, *Dear Joy* takes the Oyster betwixt his Teeth, and made many a Grimace, and attempt to break it, but all in vain: His Majesty was extreamly pleased, having a considerable time taken notice of the Passage. At length *Dear Joy* return'd the Oyster to the Gentleman that had given it him, saying, *Bee Chreesht, I must pray dee to shpeak upon his Majeshty's Graunce for anoder Plaushie for me; for de Deevill tanke me, I have almosht broke mee Teeth indeed; and it will not come open indeed, non*

L V.

Two of the aforesaid Country-men passing along *Lombard-street*, and seeing great quantities of Monies upon the Counters, in the Goldsmiths Shops, quoth one of them to the other, *I predee canisht de tell me, what Traude de People in dish Street be of? for Deevill tanke me, if in all my Life, I have shewn skos must Money; I will make Perishion upon his Majesty's Graunce and the Earl of Tyrconnel, dat I may*

bound Prentishe to dish Trade, Joy ; and, bee Shaint Pautrick, I will buy an Evidenshes Plaush, dat may be a Livelyhood for dee and I. Bee mee Shoul, Joy, (replied the other) I cannot tell what Trade it ish dey be of ; but I tink, dey be money-Tinkers ; for Deevil tauke me, dey have a great many Budget-full of Shilver-penshe, Half-penshe, and Fardings. Then one of them casting his Eye towards the Dial that hangs over the Street, and seeing the three winged Hour-glasses : And I predee, Dear Joy, (said he) what Shign ish dat wid sho mush Gold upon it ? Deevil tauke me (replied he) but it must be de dree flying Chamber-potsh ; yesh bee mee Shoul, ish it ; and we may find de plaush again bee de Shign.

LVI.

A Skip being sent to the Fish-mongers for some Fish which the House-keeper had bought, in one side of the Shop lay a heap of living Crabs, that were going to be boyl'd ; our Boglander takes up one of them, and smells to him ; but suddenly the Crab seizes him by the Nose with one of his Claws, and pincht him so smartly, that the Blood followed it : The Footman made a hideous Lamentation,

crying out unto Saint Patrick; Now de Deevil tauke dee, if dou dosht not mauke dis Deevil let go de haundle of mee Faushe now. I predee now tauke it off from me, or bee Chreesht, I shall have ne'er a bit of Nose left me. The Fish-mongers Boy (being an arch Wagg) took hold of the Crab, and drew it with such violence, that it had like to have brought off his Nose indeed; for it drew off not only some of the Skin, but part of the Flesh too. Now bee mee Shalvashion, and bee all our Country Shaints, I tank dee wid all mee Heart, Dear Joy, (quoth he to the Prentice) for if de hadst not done me de favour to tauke it away from me, Shaint Pautrick would have let a tear mee Faushe to pieces; and, bee Chreesht, it ish a great kindness dee hasht done for me, and I will tank dee wid all mee heart, indeed.

LVII.

Now, bee Shaint Bridget, and Shaint Francis (quoth Bryan to Donnel, looking upon the Sign of the Mermaid, newly painted) de Deevil tauke me, if dis be one of de finesht Shigns in de World: I predee Donnel, what ish de naume of it? Now bee me Shoul (replied he) now de Deevil tauke me too, if I can tink upon it just now.

but it musht be de Picture of a Laudy, wid a Fish at her Arse: Bee Chreesht, Dear Joy, it ish a very handshom Woman, I wou'd be glad to mauke Child upon her, wid all mee heart I tell dee, indeed. So they learnedly resolved upon the matter.

LVIII.

A Dear Joy, that had the Reputation of a great Scholar among his Countrymen, because he could write and read; passing the Streets of the City, hapened to read upon a Sign, *Here are Horses to be Let, 1688.* Now, bee Shaint Pautrick, I will be hanged (said he) but dere ish more Horshes in dish Town, dan ish in all de World besides; for dere ish almost Two thousand in dish Houshe, and how many musht dere be in all de Shitty, by dat Rule?

LIX.

Clancard travelling through a Country Village, called to eat at an Inn; the Host told him, He had nothing ready but a dish of Plaise: Clancard was willing to put in for a Snack; the Host put him out one of the Plaise upon a Plate; Clancard when he had pick'd off one side of the Fish, was falling to the second Course of

Bread and Cheese; the Host asked, whether he would eat no more of the *Plaise*? He replied, *He could eat no more for de Bone*: whereupon the Host took off the Plate, and turned the other side of the Fish uppermost, and so set it again before *Clancard*, who supposed it had been another Fish; *Bee mee Shoul, Dear Joy* (said he to the Host) *dish Fish be almost de shame taste wid de oder*; and yet dere ish ash must differ ansh in de Colour, ash ish between *White and Black*, indeed.

LX.

Money falling short with a certain *Dear Joy*, he happen'd to see an Alkamy-spoon in the House where he lodg'd; and it being pretty fresh and new, he concluded it to be Silver, and privately put it up in his Pocket, not without rendring thanks to Saint *Patrick* for so seasonable a Booty: He was resolv'd not to be long without Money, having such a rich Prize about him, and strait repairs to a Goldsmiths Shop, where very formally he takes it out of his Pocket, and desires the Goldsmith to weigh it for him; which accordingly he did: Now, *bee mee Shoul, Dear Joy* (quoth our fortunate Spark

and canst dee not do me de favour to give me sho mush Money for it'ash it comes to? and bee Chreesht, I will come to dy Shop anoder time, indeed. The Goldsmith perceiving the profound Ignorance of the Animal, as formally lays him down three Pewter Halfpence, which Dear Joy took up in his hand, saying, Now, I predee shweet Lad, tell me, ish dish ash mush ash it comes to? To which he replied, It is. Dear Joy made very great Complement unto him, put off his Hat, and with many Bowes, telling him; Now, bee mee Shalvashion, I mauke very must tank to dee, for dy great shivility, and I will come to dy Shop mee shelf, indeed; and, bee Chreesht, I will tell my Country-mans where dy Shop ish; for, Dsevil tauke me, dee beesht a very shivil Pershon indeed. No sooner had he taken his leave of the Goldsmith, but he met with another tatter'd Skellington of his Country-men; upon whom he began to look very big, and assumed somewhat a greater Port than ordinary; upon which his Friend looking very intent upon him, crys out, Now de Deevil tauke me indoeed, if bish Majesthy's Grausht have not graunted dy Perishion; and, bee Shaint Pautrick, I predee tell me what Plaushe it ish, dat ish put upon dee now? for I believe it ish shome very great Plaushe, indeed.

E 4

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deed. No, no, no, bee mee Shoul, it ish
 no Plaushie at all; (replied he) but I have
 got shome Moneys, and I will buy a Plaushie,
 indeed. Now, bee Chreesht, Dear Joy
 (quoth the other) I mauke Petishion upon
 dee, and I predee wilt dou not be sho kind to
 lend me shome of dy Money, now; de Dee-
 vil tauke me inaeed, I have had no Break-
 fast put into my Mouth dese five or shix days.
 No, bee Shaint Pautrick's Staff, I will lend
 de no Money, Joy (replied he) for Deevil
 shmoak mee Shoul, indeed, if all our Coun-
 try-mans will lend me one Farding to keep me
 from Starving, when I want Bread now;
 but I will show de great kindnesht, indeed now,
 and I will put shome Dinner upon dee; de
 shalt go wid me to a Shix-penny Ordinary,
 and we will mauke our Bellies full wid Beef
 and Broth, for dree or four days, indeed.
 So away they marcht to a Beef and Broth-
 Cellar, and eat and drank till it came to
 Ten Pence; then calling for a Reckon-
 ing, one of the Irish Half-Crowns was
 thrown down to the Woman; and Dear
 Joy bid her give him the Change of it.
 What is this you give me? (says the Wo-
 man) you have had Ten Pence, and this
 is but an Half-penny? Now de Deevil
 tauke dee indeed, dou Shon of a Whore, bee
 Chreesht, ish not dish a new Half-Crown-
 pie

pieshe; bee mee Shout, I will mauke Shwear upon dee before de Magistrate now, dee wilt not tauke hish Majeshtry's Graushes Coin, indeed. It is but an Half-penny (says the Woman.) I shay don lyeft, like a Shon of a Whore, ash don art, bee Chreesht; and I will mauke Evidenshe upon dy Houshe for a great Cheat, bee mee Shoul now. Come, come (says the Woman) give me other Money, or I will have you before your Betters. Now, bee de Maush (says Dear Joy) I tell dee, here ish two Pieshes more of de shame shon, and dee maist tauke which dee will; but, upon mee Shoul, I will never come into dish damn plaushe again. The Dear Joys were very Cholerick; and at length, the Woman sent some body with them to the Goldsmith, who gave him the Spoon again, and received the Three Half-pence. Dear Joy was much dissatisfied, but was fain to leave his Sword with the Woman, to attone for the Beef and Broth-treat.

LXI.

Bryan and Owen happening to fall out one day; Bryan called Owen, Shon of a Whore; and Owen returned to him, Shon of a Cuckold. Now, bee Chreesht (quoth Bryan)

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*Bryan) dat ish a damn'd lye, for mee Fader
wash never Married.*

LXII.

Mac having landed in the *West* of *En-
gland*, was riding to *London* to get a
Place; and in the narrow Road, where
the Hedges almost touch'd one the other,
he overtook some Gentlemen Travelling
the same way; they had not rid far, be-
fore a great Bough of a Tree cross'd the
way, that it was pretty difficult for them
to lift it up, and pass on Horse-back un-
der; the hindermost of the Gentlemen
(being of a pleasant Humour) held the
Bough in his Hand, and strained it with
all his might; and just as *Mac* was come
up to the Place, he let it go with such a
force, that it hit *Mac* off his Horse into
a very dirty hole in the Rode; after a
little time, he put himself in the best
order he could; and having mounted
his Horse in a dirty pickle, he again o-
vertook the Gentlemen, and making up
with them, he thus addressed himself to
the hindmost, *Mee Dear Joy, now, bee
Shaint Pautrick, and all de Shaints of mee
Country, dee beesht de Shivellest Gentleman
dat ever I met widal; I tank dee with all mine
heart.*

heart for dy great kindnes in holding de Bough for me; for, bee Chreesht, it struck me off mee Horshe, for all dee didst hold it; but if dee hadst not been sho kind, Dear Joy, it would have beat mee Head from mee Body, indeed.

LXIII.

A Gentleman walking one Evening in the Pall-Mall, was accosted by a Teaguelander, who had been a Foot-man to a great Noble-man of this Nation, after this manner; Now, bee mee Shoul, Dear Joy, de Deevil tanke me, but dee boest a very shivil Gentleman, and dee hasht had great Educashion put upon dee, for dee dosht look like one dat can Write and Read, indeed; and if dee would do me de kindnes to mauke write upon a pieshe of Pauper for me, and mauke a Scrape or two of dy Pen for me, dee shalt never know what I will do for dee. Come, in short, says the Gentleman, What is it thou wouldst have me do for thee? I will tell dee, me shweet Joy (says Teague) I will mauke Shupplicashion to dee to mauke Petition upon his Majesty's Graushe de E. of T. for me, dat I may get into shome Plaustre for a Gentleman; and dat dee wilt sherrifie for me, dat I washt a Foot-Pauge to shush a Nobleman. Alas (replied the Gentleman) I never

I never had any Acquaintance with thee, nor yet know whom thou hast been a Servant to; and wouldst thou have me put my hand to that which I never knew? I must beg your Excuse for that. Now, *bee me own Faders Shoul,* I will *mauke shwear* for dee of any ding I never shaw in all mee Life, and dat I shall never stick to do for dee, indeed; and, *de Deevil tanke me,* dee wilt refuse to *mauke a Scraupe* or two upon Pauper for me: *Whoo! boo! boo!* it *mauke great Grief* upon me, indeed. You impudent Rascal (quoth the Gentleman) what dost thou see in my Face, that thou shouldst take me for such a Villain? were it in another place, I assure thee it should cost thee as severe a Caning as ever Scoundrel had. At this the Fawning Spaniel fell on his Knees, making hideous Lamentation, and protesting, *He had great skorrow* for *mauking disturbanſhe* upon de Gentleman; but withal, came on with an humble Supplication, *dat de Gentleman would lend him half a Crown,* to *mauke Friends with ſome Nobleman's Skervants* to get into *Plaunſhe*. The Gentleman, to be rid of him, threw him a Tester; and so they parted.

LXIV.

A Gentleman of the Country, having hired one of the same *Country* to serve about his Stables ; walking one day with some of his Friends towards his Bowling-green, turned about, and bid his new Servant fetch his *Bowls*: *Tony* (having taken into his Imagination something of a *Bull*) run to a Field near a Mile distant, where the Cattle were grazing, and endeavoured to drive the *Bull* alone out of the Field ; but, not being able to persuade him to go without Company, poor *Tony* was forced to take a *Cow* along with him ; and with much ado, after a considerable time, brought them to the place where the Gentleman was at *Bowls* : He would have driven them into the Green, but that the Gardener hindred ; whereupon he went to his Master, who, in great Rage, demanded of him the Reason why he had not brought his *Bowls* according to his Command ? threatening to break his Head ; but his Answer prevented it, which he made after this manner, *I would pray dee not to be in Indignation wid me, for I have brought him ash fast ash I could. mauke him come ; but he was*

wash got upon de furdesh't plaush'e of all de Field wid hish Moder and hish Shisters; and I could not mauke him come bee himshelf, indeed; but now I have brought him unto dee, and hish Moder too, bee Chreesht.

LXV.

A great debate rose among some of our Dear Joys, upon the News of the Death of King Charles the Second, who should be Charles the Third? Why (said one of them, whose proportion of Brain was commensurate to the rest) now our Sovereign Graush'e Charles de Shecond ish dead [God blesh him] who should be Charles de Tird, but hish Royal Highness's Graush'e, James Duke of York? God blesh him, indeed.

LXVI.

A Lady in Covent-Garden demanded of Donnel her Footman, which way the Wind fate? he replied, Bee Chreesht, Madam, I cannot tell which way it shits; for it has changed four or five times disb day: When I went to White-Hall in de morning it wash in mee Easthe, and when I came home it wash in mee back; and when I

went to de Pall-mall, it wash in mee Faushe ;
and when I went to Lincoln's-Inn-Fieldsh,
it wash in mee Back again : Deevil tanke me,
I tink it shits every way.

LXVII.

A Lady of great Quality, sent her Foot-
man Owen to a Reverend Bishop with a
Collar of Brawn ; Owen met the Porter at
the door, and told him, *Dat bish Landy's*
Graushe had shent shomering to hish *Manshter*,
mee Lord Beshit ; and I will pray dee be sho
shivit to let me mauke speak upon him ; for,
bee Chreesht, it have mauke mee Arms and
mee Back very shore, indeed. The Porter
having given notice, Owen was call'd in-
to the Hall ; where my Lord came to
him, and enquired of his Lady's Health ;
Bee Chreesht, dear Graushe (said Owen) I
tink she be very well ; for she drank two
Dishe of Choak-a-Cat dish Morning ; and
she put Membranshes of her Sharvishe upon
dy Graushe, and have shent unto dee shome-
ring : What is it ? quoth my Lord : Why
it ish shomering ; bee de *Manshe*, I have lost
de name of it : O, O ! it ish of de Sow's Husb-
band, indeed. What, a Collar of Brawn ?
quoth the Bishop. Yesh, bee Chreesht,
Dear Joy, it ish indeed, la

LXVIII.

A Person just arrived from *Teagueland*, and walking the Streets, an unfortunate Accident happened by the fall of a piece of Timber from a New-buliding-house, which killed a Gentleman passing by ; the *Irishman* being the only Person that saw the Difaster, was sent for to give his Evidence to the Coroner's Inquest ; who, when he had related some of the matter, said, *Bee Chreesht, I did tanke him by de hand, and asked him, if he wash dead ; but he answered, and said nothing.*

LXIX.

One of *Galloway* coming to *London* upon some *Law-Affairs*, call'd for a Coach, and ordered him to drive to the *Temple* ; who, when he was set down, would give the Coachman but Six-pence : but the Counsellor his Friend told him, That their Fare was a Shilling though they went never so little a way ; and he should have paid no more, if he had carried him twice as far : *Den, bee Chreesht, although I am in haste for mee Businessh* (says he) *I will have a Penny worth ; And so made.*

made him drive to St. *James's* to Earn his Shilling, while he himself trotted home on Foot, and lost his Opportunity.

LXX.

Owen taking up the Trade of a Barber, and Trimming a Gentleman some Miles up the *Thames*, fancied, upon Familiarity of his Daughter, that she was in Love with him; and thereupon resolv'd to take Oars, and steal her away; and sitting in the Vessel, one of the Watermen prayed him to Trim the Boat: He replied, *Bee Chreesht, Joy, how dostt don know I am a Barber?*

LXXI.

Mac Trotwell coming to the E. of *T.* knock'd strongly at the Gate; the Porter came out, and asked his Business? *Mee Joy, I would shpeak wid de Earl.:* but he was answered, that he was at Dinner; and therefore must come again. *Mee Dear Joy, I cannot stay, I have great Oc-casion to shpeak wid him.* Thereupon the Porter went and whisper'd the Earl in Ear, That there was a Person must needs speak with him; so the Earl stepped

ped to the door, to know the Business of the Man; who ask'd, *Art dou hish Graushe de Earl?* Yes, replied the Earl. *I pray dee do me de favour to tell me, if dy Graushes Foot-man, Pautrick, be widin, for I have great Matters wid him.*

XLXII.

A Gentleman having a *Bog-Footman*, gave him a Letter to bring an Answer to it, he having omitted to do it before; The Foot-man found out the Person, and told him, *He had a Letter for him from hish Mashter.* Where is it, said the Gentleman? give it me. No, *bee Chreesht, Dear Foy* (says he) *I musht have an Anshwer to it first.*

LXXIII.

Another Gentleman would not believe that they could be so absurd; the Master of the Foot-man laid a Wager with the other, That he would send his Man, to know if he were at such a Tavern: So Stakes were deposited, and *Patrick* called; *Sirrah* (said his Master) go to the *Castle-Tavern*, and know if I am there. The Fellow went, and reported to his Master;

Master ; Bee Shaint Pastrick, dey shay,
dee art not dere yet ; but dee wilt be dere
preshently.

LXXIV.

Patrick taken from the Plough, was
made a Horse-Souldier ; and accidental-
ly breaking his Sword, he went to the
Gunsmiths to have it mended ; saying,
*I predee, Dear Joy, wilt dee do me de kind-
ness, to manke a Fire-lock to mee Sbword.*

LXXV.

An Old *Irishman* having Petitioned his
Majesty for a Command, and not recei-
ving an Answer, followed the King into
his Closet ; who asked him, What he
would have ; Owen replied, *An Answer
to mee Petishion for a Plaushe.* The King
said, There was no Vacancy. Owen re-
plied, *Mee Dear Joy, de King, dee may'she
manke a Vacaney, if it pleashe dy Graushe.*

LXXVI.

A Dear Joy sometime since, having
obtained a Commission in the Army, was
Apparell'd in Scarlet, and extreamly well
Accountred

Account'ed in all Habiliments ; he shew-
ed himself upon the *Royal Exchange* to
one of his Acquaintance ; who, glad to
see that alteration, looking about, and
admiring his bravery, perceived that one
of his Scarlet Stockings was the wrong side
outward, and told him of the mistake ;
who replied, *I did it on purposhe, for dat
dere wash a hole on de oder shide.*

LXXVII.

A Gentleman of *Teagueland* bought an
extream good Gelding, which cost him
Three-score Pounds or upwards ; but
as he was Riding thereon, the Horse
usually farted ; the Irishman having a na-
tural Aversion to the same, did mightily
Spur and Whip him, to cause him to
leave it off ; which, notwithstanding,
did it as much as before : The Gentle-
man was resolved therefore to part with
him, and sold him to an English Officer
for one Third of the Value ; who won-
dred, that when the Gelding Farted, he
mightily kick'd and winch'd ; and there-
upon took occasion to discourse the Irish
Gentleman ; who told him, *Dat hish
Horshe using to Fart, he endeavour'd to beat
him out of it ; but not performing dat Task,
he derefore rid hish hands of him.*

LXVIII. *Dannel*

LXXVIII.

Donnel being in a Window, unmannerly spit upon a Gentleman's Head as he was passing along the Street; who looking for the Person that thus affronted him, told him, If he were down he would give him a Box on the Ear. The Irishman answered; *Bee mee Shoul, Dear Joy, I will not come down for twaunty Boxes, indeed.*

LXXIX.

One newly arrived in a poor Condition from the remotest Parts of *Teagueland*, was wandring about the Streets of *London*, and seeing the words, *Money for Live Hair*, written upon a Barber's Shop, entered therein, and ask'd for a Lodging, and after that Victuals; and having remained there without paying any thing for it, nigh six Weeks, his Landlady desired to be paid before she trusted farther; the poor Country-man answered, *Now, dee Deevil tauke dee, didstt dou not mauke a writing, Money for Live here? and dostt dee expectt Money from me? Bee Chreesht, it ish a damn Cheat, indeed.*

LXXXI.

A certain Irish Skip running hastily towards the *Mall* in *St. James's Park*, enquired of a Gentleman, *If he shaw de Noble Earl of Tyrconnel walking dat way?* Who was answered, That he was near the upper-end. He replied, *Do you tink good People, dat I may overtake him before I come at him?*

LXXXII.

Owen, in the County of *Galloway*, was ordered by his Landlord to fell some Branches off from a Tree that hung over a Rivulet, that obstructed their Passage in a Boat; who, in pursuance to this Order, got into the said Tree, sitting upon a Bough, and cutting the same off whereon he sate, fell into the River with it, and had like to have been drown'd; but when he was drawn out, he said, *Deevil tanke me, how could de Bough fall down, when I shat upon it wid all my weight to keep it up.*

LXXXIII. *Mac*

LXXXIII.

Mac and Donnel walking through White-Friars into the Temple, gazed on the Pictures that are painted in Frisco on the New-buildings. There they questioned one another, what might be the Representation of them; one saying, Bee Chreesht, what are dese eight fine Pictures? The other replied, Mee Joy, I know not, unlesh dey be de Twelve Apostles.

LXXXIV.

One of the same Nation being unhappily brought to the Sessions of Peace for a high Misdemeanor, and in prospect of coming to damage for the same, told the Court, *Dat he wash one of his Majesty's Officers*: Then was asked for his Commission; who drew out of his Pocket a Paper, praying that it might be read; which well appeared to be a Petition for a Place: The Court shewed their Resentment, that he should tell them a falsity; He replied, *Dat he had his Petition sho long in his Pocket, dat he wash in hopes it had grown to a Commission.*

LXXXV. Teague

LXXXV.

Teague and *Sauny* travelling together from *Chester* to *London*, they lay in the same Bed upon the Road: It happened that *Sauny's* Feet being very hot with Travel, he thrust them out at the Beds foot to cool: Now whether it was upon making *Petishion*, or in *Contemplation* of the fine *Plaushe*, *Teague* had fancied to himself, I will not determine; but something kept him awake; and he saw (by the Moon-light) naked Feet lying over the Foot of the Bed; and concluding with himself they were his own Feet so exposed to the Cold, he went out of the Bed, and laid the Clothes upon them, and returned into his place again; after a little time, he saw the Clothes off them again; so he went out a second time, and did as before: *Sauny* (imagining somewhat of a mistake in the matter) like a false Loon, thrust them out the third time; which *Teague* no sooner perceived, but out he gets again to the Beds foot, lays the Clothes on again, and stood there a considerable time, holding them down with his hands; saying to himself, *Mee Moder did tell me, dat young Lads coming*

ing to London, were apt to get de Running of de Reins, indeed; and, bee Shaint Patrick, before I will tauke de Cold in mee Footsh, and have dat filty Dishease in mine Footsh, I will stay and keep de Cloths down upon dem all disn night, indeed. Sawny being then thoroughly convinced of Teague's natural Simplicity, called out to him; Now, bee mee Saul Man, what gars dee mean dat dou caunsh't not let mee Feets alone: I tell dee, e'en gang dy ways, and come into Bed, or I will e'en rise, and tauke dee in by de Luggs. Teague (hearing this) replied, Now, de Deevil tauke me, Dear Joy, if I have not been upon tink'g all disn night, dat it wash mine own Footsh, indeed; and I mauke begging Pardon upon dee, wid all mine heart now; bee de Mash, I did shее dem, and did tink day wash mine own Footsh, in Fast.

LXXXVI.

It is impossible to tell you the Surprize that Mac-clan was in, when he had lain at a Bawdy-house all night, and spent his Estate of four Irish Half-Crowns there (as they call them;) when in the morning he found a black Wench in his Arms, instead of a Harlot of another Complexi-

on: He started out of Bed, run down the Stairs naked, crossing himself over and over; feelling for his Beads, when he had never a Rag about him, and skipping up and down like one of the most frantick in *Bedlam*, roaring and bellowing; *Whoo, whoo, Boo, boo, boo!* what will I do? bee Chreesht, mine own Moder will kill me, for mauking Child-upon-de Deevils own shelf: What will I shay to mine Confessor, indeed, when I come for de *Absholushion*? I must shay dat I put kish upon de Deevil, indeed. *Whoo, whoo, whoo, boo, boo!* now, de Deevil ranke mee Shoul, all de Holy Water will not mauke me shweet again; bee me Fair, I will e'en go and put hang upon mee shelf, or mauke shome great Bonfire upon Tyburn, and dere mauke burn upon mine own reprobated P ~~_____~~ *Whoo, whoo, whoo, boo!* What a Plague is the matter (quoth the old Bawd) with this whining Son of a Whore? who, but the Devil or his Daughter, would have to do with such a Lousie, Scabbed, Bog-trotting Son of a Whore? I'll cool your Courage, you Whores-bird, with a Vengeance; and so threw a full Pot of Chamber-lee upon him, which swill'd him out of the House.

LXXXVII.

A certain Nobleman sent his Man *Patrick* to the Cock-pit with a Burthen of Cocks, they being designed that day to fight for a considerable sum of Money. It happen'd when he had brought them there, a Gentleman desired to see his Cocks, at that he put them all out upon the Pit. Their Martial heat soon engaged them in a bloody Combat; the Warriors had soon stained their Weapons with the Blood of one another. It could not be called Duelling, for every one had two Enemies to encounter; they were all Principals, and yet Seconds to one another. The Pen of a skilful *Romancer*, might here have a large Field in *Heroick* Lines, to paint the Art and Fury of a well-manag'd Combat: They put by one anothers Passes with that nimbleness, broke one anothers Guards with that vigour, pursued every Advantage with that Subtilty, travers'd the Ground with such wary measures, as were hard to determine, whether they had been taught by, or had been Teachers of the most skilful *Gladiators*. What shall I say? The Spectators were surprized at the Novel-

ty of the Fight, to see every one encountering two, and two encountering every one. Sometimes all embroiled in a Massacring heap, and presently Duelling and Fencing according to Rules of Discipline. Patrick made a great noise with his Bets upon his master's Cocks: Sometimes crying out, *I will hold dee Shix Fardings; drie of hish Graushes new Half-penshe; or, bee Chreesht, I will hold mee Shword, and all mee Masther's Livery. Will no body be mauking upon Wager wid mee? Bee de Shaint of mee name, I will hold all de Wooll of mee Fader'sh Flock, and dat ish four Sheepsh, and sheven Goatsh, indeed. Deevil tauke me, mee Lords Cocks shall kill one anoder, and no body mauke Wager wid me: If mee Lord were here, Dear Joy, he would mauke Wager of Ten Doushand Pounds upon every one of de drie, bee Chreesht; and I tink de Deevil bee in every body, dere ish no body mauke Wager, indeed, bub!* Whilst Patrick was in great Fumigation, because none would take up his Bet of Half-penny half-Crowns; the Combatants had died the Field with Blood, and so mortally wounded each other, that the Tragi-Comedy ended in the Death of all three upon the Place. *Bee Shaint Dennish (quoth Patrick) I wish wid all mine heart now, dat mine Lord had been*

been here, but to seee how Manfully hish Cocks have mauke Murder upon demshelves; for, bee mee Fait, one of de dree be all dead, indeed. Just as these words were spoke, the Lord came in, and seeing the Blood, and the Cocks dead; What, (says the Lord) hath there been ever a Battle? Tesh, bee Chreesht, Dear Joy, if it please dee, (replied Patrick) all de dree Cocks have mauke kill upon one anoder. Villain! (said his Lord) How came this to pass? Bee mee Shalvashion if dee wilt not mauke musth Aunger, I will tell dee indeed (replied Patrick.) Bee mee Grandfadersh Shont, it ish de truth, indeed; I did put dem down upon de plaushe here, and dey did faull out, bee Chreesht, ash if dey had never sheen one anoder before, indeed. You Dog (quoth his Lord) What is the meaning of this? Bee Chreesht, now (says Patrick) dee must e'en ask de meaning upon demshelves; Deevil tauke me, if I did seee de like in all mine Life, indeed; dat dey should mauke shush falling out, and killing upon one anoder, and yet be born and bred in de shame Houshe, in Fait.

LXXXVIII.

Mine Dear Bryan, indeed (said Owen) bee mee Shoul, dee beesh too very mush happy indeed, dat dee be not put upon trouble wid de plague of de Wife; bee Chreesht, dey be de veryest Deevil dat e'er wash born indeed: What ish de matter, Dear Joy? (said Bryan) now de Deevil tanke me, if dee dost not mauke mush fear upon me, dat I will never be upon Marriage, indeed. What ish de matter, I shay? Hoo, hoo, hoo, boo! Bee Chreesht, I will tell dee indeed, Dear Joy; but dee must not mauke telling upon my Body beshides: No, bee mee Shoul, I will (said Bryan;) Why den, bee de Mash, I will tell dee, Dear Joy, (said Owen) I have been Married but two Months, indeed, and mee Wife did mauke very mush Scolding upon mee, and de Beesh did call me Cuckold, indeed, and de Deevil himself cannot be sho mush unshivil ash dat; Bee mee Shoul, de Deevil tanke me, but I could mush forbear mauking Murder upon de Deevillish Fade, indeed. What de Plague (says Bryan) and ish dat sho mush matter? and, bee Chreesht, mee own Moder have called mee Fader Cuckold, a hundred times in mee own hearing, indeed. Well, well, dey wash married a long
time

time togeder, and dat bee not so much matter, (replied Owen) but when I shall be Married but two Months, and de damn Beeſh call me Cuckold, bee Chreeſht how ſhould ſhe be auble to know dat, indeed?

LXXXIX.

Divers Gentlemen taking notice of a Dancing Mare, that belonged to a Gentleman of the Guards; they were ſpeaking ſomewhat of her Shapes, and the Feats ſhe could perform. A Dea^r Joy (ſtanding by) ſaid to one of the Gentlemen, Now bee Shaint Pautrick's Slipper, I will bee hang'd but di^h Mare would make de fine Gaulding indeed, if ſhe had but two Stones betwixt her Legs.

X C.

Teague running along haſtily in the Pall-Mall, was met by a Gentlemans Footman which knew him; How now Teague (ſays he) whither ſo haſtily! Bee Chreeſht, Dear Joy, I will tell dee, indeed; I am going to de Scrivener, to get him write a Letter upon a pieſhe of Pauper to mine own Broder dat iſh dead in Franſhe.

XCI.

An English Gentleman Travelling from Corke to Waterford, met a Native, of whom he enquired, How many Miles it was from Corke to Waterford? The other considering of it a-while, at length returned; *Bee Chresht, Dear Joy, I cannot tell dee how many Miles it ish from Corke to Waterford; but it ish about Eighteen Miles from Waterford to Corke.*

XCII.

Two Grooms, Natives of *Dear-Joy's-land*, talking together about the Queen Dowager, quoth one of them to the other: *Now de Deevil tauke me, bee mee Shoul, what doht dee tink, if her Majesty's Grauske should Marry again? What do I tink?* (says the other) *bee Chreesht, I tink her Husband must be King Dowager, indeed, la!*

XCIII.

Sirrah, said a Gentleman to his Footman Cragg, go to the Oylman's, and bid him send me a Quart of his best Sallet-Oyl; *Tesh, bee mee Shoul, will I* (quoth Cragg.)

Cragg.) Away he trips to the Oylman's with this Message: *Dear Joy, mee Mashter have slent me for shome quart of Oyl, and dee musht shend it preshantly, indeed.* Here (said the Oylman, having measured it) where shall I put it? *Now de Deevil tauke me, indeed (quoth Cragg) I have not bring de Bottle, in Fait; but, bee Chreesht, here ish mine Hat, dee may'sht put it upon dat, and I can mauke carry it home very well.* The Oylman (willing to have some sport) poured great part of the Oyl upon one side of his Hat; Now Cragg (says he) where shall I put the rest? *Here, here (quoth Cragg,) turning his Hat, and with that all the Oyl upon the Ground, Dee may'sht put dat upon de oder shide of mine Hat; which accordingly was done.* Cragg returning to his Master; *Bee de Mash (said he) I did forget de Bottle, but I have brought it upon mee Hat, indeed, and dat ish all one Dear Joy.* Is this all (says his Master) No, bee Chreesht (replied Cragg) *de resht ish all upon de oder shide, I will show dee; so turning his Hat again, made a shift to cast that likewise on the ground.* Where is it, Puppy? quoth the Master; *Bee mee Shalvashion, Joy (says Cragg) it ish fallen out of de hole of mine Hat, bee Chreesht.*

XCIV.

Bee hish Holinesh's To (quoth Cragg to Clancard) I can no sbooner turn mee back, but Bryan will mauke abuse upon me to mee Faust.c.

XCV.

Marry I wash born in Chonmal, (says Owen to Cicelle) and, bee Chreesht, I musht be upon great mistake if de beest not mee Coushin and Country-woman, indeed. Yesh, upon mee Shalvashion, Owen (replied she) and I am of Clanmal, and dy Great-grand-fader wash mine Aunt. O! bee Chreesht, now I remaumber, and mee Moder wash dine Unkle, indeed; how long hasht dee been in England, I predee? (quoth she) Bee Shaint Bridget, I have been here about Shix or Sheven Yearsh, indeed, and I have been married four Yearsh. And how many Children have been mauke upon dee? (says Owen) Why, bee de Mash (quoth she) I have not had any at all. Deevil tauke mee (replied he) but dou art jush like dine own Moder, for she had no Child too, bee Shaint Patrick.

XCVI. Some

XCVI.

Some men laugh at Stories of Spectres and Hobgoblins, whilst it puts others upon a serious consideration; but what is now about to be told, may be of the number of those that affect men after the first manner.

A *Bog-lander* whose name was *Garret*, that had exchanged his Brogues for a Livery, and served a Gentleman in Quality of a Foot-man for some time (having by his Fellow-Servants been Laught out of Countenance, for many *Bogg-Witticisms* or *Wise Sayings* of *Teagueland*) put himself out of that Quality, and tied himself an Apprentice to an Hackny-Coachman in *Bishopsgate-street*. He had not been long in that Service, when, one day waiting for a Fare near *Ludgate*, a Gentleman coming out of a Tavern, called him, and bid him drive to *Whitehall*: The Gentleman seated himself in the Coach, and *Garret* (the Coach-man) drove forward. The Gentleman had a Project came in his Head to put a Trick upon his Coach-man, by making him fancy he had carried a Spirit in his Coach, and this Intrigue of the Gentleman mightily

tily pleased his Imagination; for the pleasantness of the conceit, meeting with the sweet and elevating Fumes of the Grape, rais'd such a Titillation in his Fancy, that he often laught aloud to himself, in contemplation of his Device; which, after this manner, he put in Execution.

You must know the Gentleman had in his Pocket a Knife, much like that Surgeons use for Incisions; the with this Instrument he so dext'rously cut round three parts of the Back of the Coach, leaving the upper part entire, so that it met at the Sides and Bottom, as if it had never been cut asunder. Out of this Trap-door, the Gentleman got behind the Coach, and from thence upon the Ground, near *Scorland yard-Gate*; from whence he might discern how the Coach-man behaved himself when he came to set down his Fare: *Teague* stopping his Coach at *White-hall-Gate*, alights out of the Box, Claps his Hat under his Arm, opens the Door of the Coach, then looks in, and round him every way, as *Pug* did in the Basket, when the *Partridges* were flown; but that was no place for him to stay and expostulate, he had only time to cast his Hat on the ground.

ground, and give it three or four stamps with his foot; and biting his Thumb-nails, swore half a score times, *Bee Cbreesht and Shaint* Pautrick, and so mounted his Coach-box in great ferment, and drove towards *Charing-Cross*: But before he was got so far, his Fare had got up behind the Coach, and in at the Back-door, and had again taken his Seat very Majestically, permitting *Garret* to drive on till he came near the *New-Exchange*, and then called out to the Coach-man to stop; which he did with great amazement: Sirrah (quoth the Gentleman) is this your way to *White-Hall*? what a-pox is the meaning of this? *Bee Shaint* Pautrick's *Horshe*, Dear Joy (says he) *I have been at White-Hall, indeed; and I could not shée dee, indeed; and, bee de Brogues of mee Fader's Fader, it wash very great mishtapke in me; but, bee mee Shoul, Joy, I will be at White-Hall wid dee preshantly, indeed.* And so turning his Coach, he drove Westward again with all speed; but, in the mean time, the Gentleman had convey'd himself out, as before; and stood at his Post to observe how it wrought with poor *Garret*: who, upon this second disappointment, was in a thousand times more perplexity than before; Now the

the Devil and his Imps came fresh into his Imagination; and having crost himself, and said two or three *Ave Marias*, with a deep Sigh, he again mounted his Coach-box, and drives his Horses as if the Devil had driven him; he was so much in haste to get home, that he never look'd behind him, which gave the Gentleman an opportunity to get again into his place. *Garret* drove on till he came near the place where the Gentleman called him at the first; and then he heard one call out to him, *Stop Coach, stop Coach, you Son of a Whore, is this the way to White-Hall?* But never did *White-fryars-man*, when pursued by five or six Serjeants, make more haste into his Sanctuary, or flying *Partridge* from pursuing *Vulture*, than poor terrify'd, scarify'd, astonish'd *Garret* did, to drive out that tremendous noise: The People from the Streets call'd out to him; Coach-man, why do you not stop? do you not hear the Gentleman? *De Deevil, de Deevil, Fuge, Fuge! bee Shaint Franshis and Shaint Dunstons, and all de Shaints of de both Sheres, I will make dee hold dy peashe, don Fiend of de Deevil, don Shon of a Betch-Deevil, I will spend to call upon mine Confessor, and he shall put de Holy Water upon dee, and make dee mad.*

mad, bee Chreesht : And at every word the poor Horses were last, as if he meant to flea them alive ; till between running and flying, they were got into the Stable-Yard ; when Garret immediately leapt out of the Coach-box, and shut himself up in a Room, not altogether so sweet as a Rose-cake ; for he was heard between Swearing, Praying and Cursing, to lament himself much after this sort : *Now de Deevil tanke me, bee Chreesht, dish ish de very Shon of a Whore-Deevil ! bee de Mash, he mauke shush fright upon me, I have mauke foul upon mee Breeshes, indred ; O-boo ! O-boo ! What will I do ? what will I do ?* The Gentleman perceiving the Distraction Garret's affrightment had put the Family into, went his way for that time, and left them to consider of it ; but the next morning sent a Guinea or two for reparation.

XCVII.

A certain Dear Joy, who had never known what it was to have a Razor pass upon his Face, having still been nled to clip off his Hair with Scizzars ; one time had let his Beard be of so long standing, that he could not take it off that way,

way, and so (the first time) put himself into a Barbers Shop; whilst he was Trimming, he saw a Person that was a Quarter-customer, lay down a Crown for his Quarteridge: Dear Joy, at that was somewhat surprized, considering he had not so much Money about him; but however, when he was going out, he put a good Face upon it; took out four Shillings and eight Pence (which was all the Money he had in his pocket, and which must cost him a Week or Fortnights Fast at least) and suddenly laid it down on the Table, he nimbly whipt out of the Doors: The Barber seeing what was left, thinking it some mistake, called after him in the Street, to return him part of his Money, but he hastned off as fast as he could, saying, *Bee Chreesht, Dear Joy, I have no more Money now, but I will give dee de odd four pence next time, in Faith.*

XCVIII.

When the late King *James's* Toleration and Indulgence to Tender Consciences was at first published; it is said, that a certain *Macland-man* meeting a Woman that Sold Lace and Linnen, took hold of her Box of Goods, saying unto her

her, *Bee mee Shoul, dee be a Deevlish Beesh of a Woman, What de Plaugue dosht dee mauke me be in mee Chaumber all dish day, and mee Woman shend mee Lashe and Linnens by dee, and de Deevil tauke dee, don couldst not come wid it, but now? What does the Fellow mean, says the Woman? do you steal my Goods after this manner? Dat ish no matter (quoth he) I will carry home mine own tings, in Fait.* The People gathered about them, and perceiving the Woman was like to be Cheated, got a Constable called, and took Dear Joy into Custody, demanding of him the Woman's Box and Goods: *What de Deevil; What meaning ish upon all di h now? I can mauke shwear upon it, it ish mine own Lashe; bee Shaint Patrick, and bee mee Shalvashion (says he) I will mauke break upon dy Fau she, indeed; but dee shalt not put de great sham upon me, to tauke away mine own, indeed.* But it being proved to be the Woman's, it was demanded how he came to claim it; to which he made Answer; *Dish ish very pretty, dat when de King's Graushe have given de Liberty of Conshienshe, I must not have liberty to tauke what ish mee Conshienshe, indeed.*

XCIX.

Fitz-Donnel coming into a Tavern-Kitchen in *London*, it chanced there were two Lobsters Roasting at the Fire; he was in very great concern to inform himself what sort of strange Dish that was; he took up the basting Spoon, and knocked upon their hard Coats, which put him upon greater wonderment; at length (says he) *What in de Dreivilsh name might dish be, indeed? I have help steal a great many Rabbits in mine time, bee Shaint Patrick, and I have sheen many a Couple roasted before dish time, indeed; but I did never see shome roasted in Armour before dish time, bee Chreesht.*

C.

One coming over into *England* to seek his Fortune, his Shooes were so much out of repair, that his Toes felt their way through the dirt; going in this pickle by the Door of a Translators Stall, *I predee, Shweet Joy (quoth Crag) wilt dee not put a heel-pieshe upon de Toe of mine Shoon? and, bee Chreesht, I will pay dee when I get into Plaushe, indeed.*

CI. Dear

CI.

Dear Joy Travelling in the North of England, in Company with a Scotch Pedlar; weary with Travelling, and hot with the Season of the Year; they laid them down under a shady Oak to rest themselves. *Teague* (in his sleep) fancied that a great Spider had dropt from the Boughs of the Tree into his Mouth, which put him into a lamentable apprehension, what should become of the Family of the *Teagues*, if his Father's Son, and the hopes of his Mother, should now be poisoned in the Bud: Amidst this terrible Consternation, *Teague* made so loud a noise, that *Sawny* was awakened thereby. *What in de Deevil's name gars de Lad to mauke like a din? Wilt don not rauke dy rest man* (quoth *Sawny*?) *Whoo, whoo, whoo, boo, bee Chreesht, dear Sawny, I tell dee* (says *Teague*) *dere ish great Poison mauke upon me, bee mee Shoul, indeed; Whoo, whoo, whoo, I will be dead, and mee Moder will hang me, indeed. Hoo, boo, boo, poo, dere ish no hopesh of any Life in me, bee Chreesht, it ish shome great Deevil of a Spider* (dear Joy) *dat ish fallen down upon mee Mouth, indeed; and it ish run down upon mee*

mee Throat into mee Belly, and mee Gutsh ish
 fallen out upon mee Breeshes, in fait: Hoo,
 hoo, poo, poo, O bone, O bone! what will I
 do? Now de Plaugue tauke dee (quoth the
 Scot) what will I do? bee mee Saul man,
 dee beest e'en Distracted and out of dy Wits;
 bee Shaint Andrew, I can tell dee a plea-
 shant Remedy, mee Jo: Now for de love of
 Maggy (quoth Teague) I would pray dee
 tell what it ish, and de Deevil tauke mee, I
 will be dy Friendsh now, all de days of mee
 Life, indeed. Come den (says Sawny) dou
 must help me to catch dat Fly, and I war-
 rant I get out de Spider wid a vengeance, O
 mee Saul. So in little time Sawny had
 caught a Wasp by the Wings: Now
 (says he to Teague) lay dee down upon dy
 Faushe, and mount up dy nedder end, man,
 and I will put de Fly against dy Fart-hole;
 and, O mee Saul, as soon as de Spider do
 hear de Fly Buzze, he will come out of his
 own accord, and will gang his ways. Upon
 that, Teague lay on his Face, and moun-
 ting Scut, the False Loon put the Rump
 of the Wasp against the Rump of Teague;
 at which the Gentleman in the yellow
 Jacket whips his venomd dart into the
 most tender part of Teague's Posterious.
 Whoo, whoo, whoo, boo, boo, poo! Bee de
 Mash (quoth Teague) it ish come out, upon
 mee.

mee fait, and it did bite me by de Arshe like de Deevil himself; it has shet mine Tail on fire, indeed; but it ish better to be in de Shitting-plaushe, dan at mine beart, indeed; Deevil rauke me, it mauke mush pain upon mine Arske; but I tank dee wid all mine beart, now; for if dee hadsh not got out de Deevil of a Spider, she would have kill'd me, in fait.

CII.

One being in a Country where Bog-trotting was not so much in fashion as in his own, took occasion to borrow a lusty Mare that was grazing in a Meadow; the Owner met him on the Road on his Mares back, and (by stratagem) caused him to be apprehended; when he came to his Tryal, he spake to the Jury after this sort: Bee Shains Pantrick (Dear Joys) I tink it very mush pity, dat honest Man must be hanged for de Moder of a Horshe; but, in fait, dey shay dat it will be found Felony, and dat it will mauke hanging upon a Man by your Laws; derefore, I predee (Dear Joys) let it be found Man-slaughter, for dat it be better to mauke burn upon mine hand, dan to mauke hang upon mee Neck, till I be dead, indeed.

CHIL.

Bee Chreesht, Dear Joy (said Owen to Patrick) if dee wilt go along wid me when it ish Night, dere will be de finest sport, shush Shinging upon de Minstrel, dat will maanke dee glad, Joy, indeed. Deevil rauke me, dere will be shush Treatment ash dee didst never shee de like, in fait. What ish de matter (replied Patrick) dat dere must be Musick? Bee Shaint Brigetsh Needle and Thread, I will tell dee Shweet Joy, indeed. Dee dost know Bryan our Coushin and Countryman (says Owen) and he do keep dree-haupenny Barbers-Skop in ——— and, bee Chreesht, be be for mauking Love upon de pretty Girl in Swan-Yard, in fait, and he will mauke-Sherenade upon her to Night, wid de Shong, and de Irish Harp, indeed; and we will go wid him, and hear every word, in fait. Tesh, bee de Mash, will I, wid all mine Heart (replied Patrick) and I will mauke going long wid dee, Dear Joy, indeed. So at Midnight they met the Gallant under his Mistresses Window, entertaining her (as one Notes)

With a Minstrel, whose musical Echo afforded
A Sound, not unlike to a Truckle-bed Corded.

Bagg-Whitticings.

1619

In Confort to which, he saluted her with
this poetick Rapture.

The SONG.

WID mee Strings of small Cat-Guts
And a Harp made of Wood,
And a String which, and if thou wert dumb,
May be heard or understood.

Lo! dy Shervant of de bagsh,
Wid me Faushe untoward de South,
Humbly prostrate on mee Legsh,
Sweet take pity on mee Touth!

And ash dee walks along de Streetsh
Braver every day and braver,
Every one dat does dee meetsh
Wishshay, dere goes de Woman Shaver,
Or else of dee dey will tink ill,
In dy hard-hearted Breast to harbon
Wid de Rasor of Disdain to kill,
And cut de Throat of dy poor Bagsh.

Den have pity upon me mee Dear,
Me dy Slave, and me dy Vassal,
And be not Cruel, or, ash is mere
An obdurate Stony Castle.
For,

Teagueland Jest's; or,

For, bee Chreesht, den farewell Pelf,
 Farewell Pigshneys; for I vow, I'll
 In mee Bashon hang mee shelf,
 Or else drown me in mee Towel.

The Song ended, they were swilled with a Shower of Chamber-lee, that fell from one of the Neighbour-garrets, for disturbing the repose of a peevish Kitching-maid.

CIV.

A blind Master of Defence, coming to the House of a Gentleman that was his Scholar; the Gentleman's Footman (who was a Teaguelander) run in and told his Master, *Bee mee Shalvasbion* (Dear Joy) *here ish shome Body come to shее dee, indeed:* Who is it, Sirrah, says his Master? *Bee de Mash, Dear Joy, it ish dy blind Masther, wid hish Shword at hish Arsh, indeed.* You Blockhead (replied the Gentleman) can a can blind man see? *Yesh, yesh, bee Shaint Bridget* (answered Skip) *or elshe it were all one if his Eyesh be out, indeed.*

CV.

A certain Teaguelander having stole a Mare from a Quaker, the Quaker lights upon

upon him, and gets a Constable, and seizes the Mare for himself. The *Teaguelander* with much ado escaped, and made a Petition to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, concerning the same. A Copy whereof is as follows:

To His Excellency de Lourd-Lieutenant.

De Humble Petition of *Mourtongh Cavenough*, a poor distressed Gentleman;

Humbly Complaining, sheweth unto your Excellency, Dat Your Petitioner is a very poor Man, indeed, and hath noting to maintain himselfe widal, but de. Benevolency and Devotion of good Christians. It happened dat Your Petitioner took away a Mare from a Quaker, tinking (bee mee Shoul) to prefer my self in a Troop of Tragoons, under His Majesty's Command in Ireland, to maintain himselfe: and before he was preferred in any Troop, another Man comes and stole away de Mare from

Your Petitioner, and gave her to de Owner for a Bribe: Sho dat de Quaker treatensh to hang Your Petitioner for de Mare.

Derefore Your Petitioner humbly Prays, and Begs for Godsh shake, Your Eschellenshe's Pardon; whereby he may be bold to show hih Faulshe in de Country, quiet and peasably, amongst hih Friendsh. And dish being graunted,

*Your Pititioner shall
ever Pray, &c.*

CVL

If a Man does but go to piss in any Corner of the Street, he is strait presented with a Douzen or two of printed Quack-Bills, stuck up before his Eyes, all pretending to effect great Cures, upon that part he has occasion there to make use of. Some stuff with *Aqua Terra-Chymagogon*, and other hard Names, that would burst a Conjuror. Others have the Name of the Learned *Thomas Saffold* inscribed, *Cum multis aliis.* But

what

what does all this signifie to a *Dear Joy*, that is under the *Purgatory* of a Clap, who perhaps had not Learning enough to understand the Intent of those Directions; or not Faith enough to believe the Doctors Sincerity and Skill; or (which is worst of all) it may be not Money enough to pay the Quack? Somewhat of this kind must be the Reason, that *Teague* had a long time languished under a strange heat in his Cod-piece; he had called *Venus* all the Bitches in nature, and put *Whetstones-Park* into his daily *Litany*: He had obtain'd Absolution too, but no Cure was affected: But, indeed, the Distemper grew daily worse and worse, and put poor *Teague* in great Fear of losing the *Handle of his Belly*; and that his Mother would certainly have him hanged if he died of that Disease.

These Considerations, and what I told you before, made him look very dismally: And in this pickle, *Jack* (who was Footman to a Lord of his Masters Acquaintance) found our poor *Teague* at the door of a Tavern, not far from *Temple-Bar*. *Teague* was at that time so struck in the *g of Fear and Despair*, that he would have asked Council of a Dog. His Looks betrayed the Distemper of his Mind;

and his Motion, that of his Body: He was not a little eased at the sight of Jack, that he might disclose his mind to him, and hoped to receive (at least) some mitigation in this time of extremity. Now you must know this Jack was an arch sharp Wagg, and one that had no great Veneration for Teague's Country-men, but could dissemble his Sentiments as Learnedly as some do their Religion. After common Salutations of, *Son of a Where, What a Pox dost thou do here?* and the like, Jack sat down on the Bench by poor half-mortified Teague; who soon took an occasion to lay one Arm about Jack's Neck, in pure Friendly sort, and with a pitiful Voice, whispers him in the Ear to this purpose; *Mee Dear Shoul, Jack! bee Chreesht, I manke very glad to shée dee, indeed; Deevil sauke me, Dear Joy, I have Loving for dee above all mine own Country-mans, indeed; upon mee Shalvashion de beesht de shivelkest Lad in de whole Town indeed, La! and I have musth shcrets to tell upon dee, in Fait, now.*

Jack, What a plague canst tell upon me? ha!

Teague. No, bee Chreesht, it ish up mine own shelf, indeed; but dee beesht shust Wag, dere ish no speaking upon dee, in Fait.

Jack. Upon, again, Devil 'pon thee; prethee go on with thy show?

Teague. But, Jack, I predee be shivil now, and I will tell dee a very shad ting, in Fait, now; and dee wilt shwear to manke shecret, and tell none Bodies, bee Chreesht.

Jack. Pox take thee, prethee have done once; here's whining and toning enough to tyre the Devil.

Teague. But I cannot speak here (bee Chreesht) for den every bodiessh will hear me, in Fait. We will go over de way, and manke drink a Pot of Ale, and den I will tell dee, indeed.

Jack. Come along then; leave word with the Porter. How many Irish Half-Crown-half-pence hast got Teague?

Teague. I have Shix, indeed, and I will mauke spend upon four, wid all mine heart, in Fait. As soon as the Ale was brought into the Room, Teague shut the Door, and embracing of Jack, fell a-weeping. Boo, boo, boo, poo! Dear Jack, what will I do? What will I do? Bee Shaint Pautrick, mine own Moder will hang me, indeed. O hone, O hone! what will I do?

Jack. Prethee, Teague, in sober Sadness, what is the matter?

Teague. Now, de Deevil tanke me, I will not tell mine own Moder, wor mine Fader,

*nor mine Grandfader, bee mee Shoul, Joy;
Hoo, hoo, hoo, poo! I will be undone, bee mee
Shoul, I will be undone.*

Jack. What a Pox is all this splutter
for? prethee make an end.

Teague. OO, OO, poo! *It ish no hopest
Dear Joy, I will be undone, undone, indeed;
Deeviltanke me, I did put Kindnesht upon de
Deevilish Beest, and she have put de Poxst,
and de Deevil upon poor Pego; bee Shaint
Antony, it be sho bad ash de Deevilish Beest
can mauke it, and it hash quite spoyle me, in
Fair.*

Jack. Is that all the matter, thou ma-
kest this hubbub for? why there's a thou-
sand old Women about Town can cure
this Business: I did not think your Coun-
try-men had been afraid of a Clap. Come,
come, let's see the Business.

Teague. Yesh, bee Shaint Pautrick,
*here it ish, it be very shore, in fait, it be
very shore, La, ah, ah, poo!*

Jack. *Pooing* again! what's here? a
Flagellat, a Lampice! Zounds, what a
Pocky Dog is this? Hearn thee Teague,
it is turned to the Glanders, and thou
must either take a Drench of *Diapante*,
or else some Snuff; it's the best thing in
the World for a Cold.

Teague. Deevil tanke me, it ish bot enough, or elshe de Deevil ish in it; bee Chreesht, mee P — ish on fire, indeed.

Jack. Come here is my Masters Snush-Box, 'faith; I will give thee some Snush, and that will fetch out the Glanders, I'll warrant thee.

Teague. Den I shall be bound to manke Prayer for dee ash long ash I live, in fait; and I will always manke Love upon dee, indeed.

Jack. Come, here is a Quill full of Snush; hold still whilst I blow it into the Snout of the Beast. Jack gives a pugh, drives the matter out at the holes, and the Snush into the Urine-pipe; at which Teague roars out.

Teague. Now, de Deevil tanke dee, mee Joy; Hoo, hoo, hoo, poo, poo, poo, Oh! it ish all to pieshes, bee mee Shoul, I am dead, indeed; I am dead: I will shew dee hanged for it; dou Shon of a Beeesh, dou ha!t manke kill upon me; Hoo, hoo! It ish manke all de running of de Reine come out, bee mee Shoul, now.

What further Operation Jack's Clap-dose had, I know not, but if it made a Cure, Jack may have Reputation to stick up his Bills amongst the Learned.

CVII.

A person of a very conspicuous Quality, having a Daughter whose Fortune was reputed to be Fifteen Thousand Pounds; a certain Spark of the Nation aforesaid, had by a profound *Witticism*, contrived to raise Five Thousand Pounds, and save the Father of the Lady Ten Thousand Pounds: Having therefore dressed himself in the Habilitments of an extraordinary Figure, he repairs to the Gentleman's House, where he was received with great Civility; and (pretending some extraordinary business to the Gentleman) he was entertained at Dinner (which perhaps was no unseasonable kindness.) At the Table the Gentleman demanded of him his Business? to which he return'd in Answer; *Bee Chreesur, Dear Foy, de Deevil tanke me, I am come in great kindnesht to dee, indeed; bee mee Shoul, I can tell dee how dou might shave Ten Doushand Poundsh, in Fast, and bee de Mash, dat ish a great shumm, Foy. Ay, Sir, (quoth the Gentleman) that is a considerable Summ, indeed; and I shall not be ungrateful, if you can demonstrate how it may be effected? Bee Shaint*

Shaint Pautrick, Dear Foy, den I will tell dee, in Fait; It ish shaid, dee wilt give Fifteen Doushand Poundsh wid de Landy dy Daughter, in Marriage; and de Deevil tauke me, I will be for mauking Marriage wid her for Five Doushand Poundsh, indeed; and, bee Chreesht, I tink dere ish Ten Doushand Poundsh shaved, in Fait.

CVIII.

Bee mee Shoul, Foy (quoth Patrick to Bryan) I have been mauking very great Treat, and great Feshtival, in Fait. Why, what in de Deevil's Naume wash it? (says Bayan.) Why, bee Chreesht, man, it wash a Weshtfilly Ham and Cucumbersh, indeed! Bee-mee Shoul, dat ish very straunge (says the other) how wash it dreshted, I pre-dee? Why (replied he) it wash mauke upon a Rôasht Shoulder of Mutton, indeed; yesh, in fait; la.

CIX.

A Dear Joy (not of the lowest rank) being Entertained at Dinner by a Wine-Cooper in Mark-Lane, was took down by him into the Cellar after Dinner, to

be Treated with what his Cellar afford-
ed; but the Teaguelander finding no seat
to sit down, asked the reason of it: Why
(says the Wine-Cooper) because I will
have no man drink longer than he can
stand; Bee Shaint Pautrick, mee Dear
Joy (says Teague) I will tank de hearti-
ly, if dee wilt put de kindnesht upon me to fill
away den, and let us mauke merry quickly,
or de Deevil tanke me, if mine own dear
Legs will not be Tyred, before I be half
drunk, indeed.

CX.

Now Poksh upon mee Lord's Foot-man,
(quoth Mac to Dennis) and de Dee-
vil tanke him, indeed; bee Chreesht, I
shall be obliged at one time or oder to mauke
break upon his Faushe; for I can never
be upon quiet for the Deevilish Beech. What
ish the matter? (quoth Dennis.) Bee
Chreesht (says the other) he ish alwaysht
upon calling me Shon of a Whore, in-
deed. And, bee Shaint Pautrick, dee dosht
know mee Moder wash never Married, in
Fair.

CXI.

One of the Natives of Teagueland, passing through Cornhil, nigh the Royal-Exchange, met a Jovial Tinker sounding briskly on his Kettle, *Have you any Work for a Tinker*; The Teaguelander thinking to put the punn upon him, (there being a Pillory erected, which a Bog-trotter was shortly to ascend) thus accosted the Tinker; *I predee, Dear Joy, wilt dee put de kindnesh upon mee dear Country-man, ash to stop thoshe two holes for him, and, bee Chreesht, I will pay dee to dine own dear dear heartsh content*: To whom the Tinker smartly replied, *Sir, if you will lend me your Head and Ears, I will find a Hammer and Nails, and give you my work into the Bargain.*

CXII.

Donnel, sometime an Inhabitant, though not a Native of Teagueland, being by Birth a Welsh-man, was condemn'd to be hang'd, yet had the benefit of the Clergy granted to him, and so was Burnt in the Hand; when he had read his Neck-Verse, the Judge bid him down

on his Knees, and cry, God bless the King;
 Yes indeed, by Shaim Pautrick (replied
 Donnel) hur will down on hur Knees, but
 the Deevil tanke hur, if hur had not more
 reason to bid God Bless hur now dear Fa-
 der and Moder; for if they had not teach'd
 hur to read, hur might have been hanged for
 all his Majesty's Grace the King.

Teague-

Teagueland Jests,

OR

B.O G G-WITTICISMS.

PART II.

Being a True Collection of
the *Learned Bulls, Wise Say-
ings, &c.* of some of the *Na-
tives* of Teagueland, since the Ar-
rival of the *late King* in that
Country.

Never before Printed.

L O N D O N,

Printed in the Year 1690.

Teagueland Jests, OR BOGG-WITTICISMS.

PART II.

A Dear Joy in the late King James
his Army, being newly Listed,
and Armed with a Match-lock,
having never before seen any of that Fa-
shion, was much put to a stand, at the
rare Physiognomy of this surprizing
Whim-wham: After he had for some time
gazed upon it, and Foot-ball'd the Jaw
over and over, backward and forward,
in his empty Noddle, he at last breaks
forth in this pathetick Expostulation
Mee Dear Joy, mee now dear shelt, poor
Teague! What ish become of all dy Faderly
and dy Moders? dey did never live to shed
flush a ring ash dish; and, bee Obreesht, of
dow hadst been dead, dow hadst never bud

to see shash a ting neider, and den don hadst been buried alive in Ignoranshe. Bee mee Shoul, dish must needs be shome Holy Shaints Invention; for I have heard shay, dat de common Gunsh were first found out by a Monk, and derefore dish being shomeeting extraordinary, must needs be found out by shome good Abbot, or by his Holiness his Graces himself. Well——! I am must mistaken, if Shaint Pautrick's own shelf did not shend dese new Gunsh to kill all de Hereticks in our Nanshion; and, bee mee Shoul, I will kill shomeeting preshently. With that, Teague taking aim at a Cat that stood in sight, fingers the Trigger, and finding the Cock play so easily, presently conceits, that was for want of a Flint to trim and balance it, (for that was the use, he thought, the Flint was put to in Firelocks.) Up he takes a small Stone, and fastens it in the Cock, and then falls to work with the Trigger again; and after a great deal of twitching and pulling it to and fro, and no Fire like to be given, he concludes, the Spring of the Cock was broken, which occasion'd it to play up and down so easily. Away marches Teague to a Gunsmith, and complains to him of his Gun. Arrha, dear Foy, says he, bee Chrest, don must put a new Shpring

Shpring upon de Lock; for de Deevil tanke me now, I have manke mush Exshperiment upon it; I have put a Stone in it to keep it back, as other Gunsh have, and yet plaugue tanke it, it will not give Fire? Oh, Sir, says the Smith, you must get a Match, and put in it, and then 'twill do, I'll warrant you. Teague wonderfully satisfied, and Illuminated with this Discovery, goes and buys a Yard of Match, and being a meer Twysford in the Business, he knew not what service it would be of; but, after some profound study, he considered, there was a little Catch behind a Firelock, to keep it from groveling in the Pan; but not knowing this was the use of it, he imagined that must be the Spring, which made it give Fire, and that his Lock, wanting such a Spring, it must be supplied by this Match. So to work he falls, and first fastens one end of it in the Lock, and then draws it several times round the Barrel, till he had ty'd it close, so that the Lock could not stir; Teague lugs and hauls the Trigger, but all in vain; the Lock was fast bound to its good Behaviour, which put him into a great fret. A plaugue tanke dese new Invenshions, says he, de Deevil tanke de Gun, Body and Shoul for me. I will manke

mauke Perishon upon hish Manjesty's Graushe,
 dat I may be a Pikeman. One of Teague's
 Acquaintance happening to come by,
 and seeing him in such Discontent, ask'd
 him the Reason? *Ub--bub--boo!* cries
 Teague; *bee mee Shoul now, I am glad dee
 beesh here; for I should mauke shoot upon my
 shelf wid dish plangy Gun; Pox tanke it for a
 Shon of a Bitch; I have been trying dish Hour,
 and can't mauke it go off: Why, what's the
 Matter?* (says Bryan) *Let me see it. What
 makes you tie the Lock down with the Match,
 you Coxcomb you? You must untie it again,
 and light it, and then I'll warrant you it goes
 off.* Having said so, he takes his leave.
 Teague took his Counsel, and lighted
 his Match, and then taking aim at a
 Tree, *Bee mee Shoul, Dear Joy,* says he,
*I will sbend dee to anoder World quickly; but
 he knew not that his Pan was first to be
 opened, and so all his tugging and lug-
 ging of the Trigger was to no purpose.*
 Teague, in a great rage to see all his
 Pains, and his Friend's Skill ineffectual,
 throwing the Gun away, crys, *A plague
 tanke dee, dou damn'd Shon of a Gun, de
 Deevil carry dee away alive for me; I will
 run away, and dou shalt never shce my Faushe
 again; dou art a Traytor, and wilt not
 fight for dy King, and dine own Nanshuon,*
and

and sho de Deevil be wid dee. Thus Teague took his Audience of Congè of his Gun, and trooped away to his Native Bogs.

II.

A certain overweening, bigotted Bog-trotter, meeting one of his intimate Acquaintance in the Streets of Dublin, breaks forth into a sudden Rapture of Joy, and greets him after this Manner. Arrhoon, mee dear Joy, mee Crammacree; bee de Ma'h, I will tall dee a very great Myshtery, and dat ish mush for dy Edification; and bee me now Shout now, I am glad to shee dy Faushe, before I wash gone to Heaven; for I will be dy good Friend when I be dere, and will manke Prayer for dee, and for dy Cowsh, dat dou mayst have dy belly full of Bonnaclabber; for, bee Shaine Pautrick, I shall be ten Shaints when I be in Heaven. His Friend laughing at this Expression, asked him, How that could be? Why, dou Fool, replies Mac, dou needst not manke laugh upon me; for it ish true indeed, it ish revealed to me, and I am shatishfied dat I do merit to be made ten Shaints; for my nown Fader did shay long ago, dat for killing one Heretick, a Man should be made a Shaine, and I have killed ten Hereticks widin dis Month,

Month, and derefore by consequenshe, I shall be made ten Shaints, and dou beeht sho blind asht not to hear of dish great shecret before.

III.

A young fresh-Water Soldier newly come out of the *Bogs* to serve in the late King's Army against the *Protestants*, was cloathed *Cap-a-pe* like the rest of his Military Brethren; and observing some of them to grease their Shooes, he asked the Reason of it, and was told, It was a piece of good Husbandry, to make them hold out the better this Winter time, and keep out the Water from soaking in. The raw unexperienced *Boglander* thinking to improve this Hint, and exceed his Fellows in good Husbandry, buys a pound of course Grease, and in the first place greases his Shooes therewith; and considering that the Winter is a very wet rainy Season, and that he must expect to be exposed to all Weathers, falls a greasing his Stockings, Cloths and Hat, till he had spent his whole stock of Fat. And then stands admiring and hugging himself for his ingenious Providence. *Bee mee Shoul*, says he to himself, *our Captain will tanke me for a a brave dishcreet Sholdier,* when

when he sees how I have ordered mee Clothes, and den he will give me some Plaushe. So away he goes to his Comrades, who all fell a laughing to see him in such a Pickle; for he had utterly spoiled his Habiliments, as you may well imagin. The Captain hearing of this Passage, sends for Teague, and having caused him to be well Bastingado'd for his Folly, commanded him to be stripp'd, and so turned him a-grazing.

IV.

Another of the same Stamp had the Fortune to be Entertained by another Captain in a different Regiment, as his Man; and being clothed in a proper Livery, and behaving himself very well, or rather luckily, for the first two or three days, the Captain employed him one day in the following Service: He had a set of Silver-plate Buttons gilt, which he was minded to sell; so he delivers them to Teague, and bids him go to the next Town, and enquire for such a Goldsmith, and desire him to weigh them, and send the worth of them in ready Money. Teague does his Errand very punctually, as it happened, and brought his

his Captain Five Pounds odd Money for his Buttons. But ruminating upon this Business, his adle Pate presently bred a Maggot; his Coat was trimmed with common Ammunition-Buttons, and Teague knew no difference between his Master's and his own, but took all for Gold that glistered; so he looking upon this, as a fair opportunity to stock himself with a Lump of Money, resolved to sell his Buttons, and seek his Fortune. Next morning, he very fairly gave his Master the slip, and marches toward the same Town, where he had sold his Captain's Buttons; and, by the way, pulls off his Coat, sits down under a Hedge, and cuts off all his Buttons, pleasing himself with the conceit of what a heap of Money he should get for his Buttons, since they were near as big again as his Master's: So girding his Coat about him, he hastens away to the Goldsmith, to whom he thus addressed himself. *Good shave you, Dear Joy, mee Mashter preshent hish Sharvish to dee, and becaushe dou didst deal like an honeste shroil Man wid' him, he have shent dee hish best Shurt of Gold Buttons to shell, and he would pray dee to shend hish Money in Gold. With that he delivers the Buttons into the Goldsmith's Hands;*

Hands; who, presently seeing what sorts of Goods his Chapman had brought him, and casting his Eye on his Coat, suspected the Truth of it, and speaking very courteously to *Teague*, prayed him to walk in and dine with his Servants, and by that time his Scales would be return'd home which he had lent to a Neighbour. *Teague* needed not much Courtship to his Victuals, but puff'd up with this honourable Invitation, as he interpreted it, follows the Goldsmith into his Hall and fell roundly to his Dinner. In the mean time, the Goldsmith dispatches a Messenger away to the Captain, to inform him of this Affair, who immediately sent a File of Musqueteers to bring *Teague* back again; who came in to the Goldsmith's House just as *Teague* was risen from Table, and seizing upon his *Brogue-ship*, hurried him away to their Captain. *Teague* thought this was sour Sauce to his good Dinner; but swallow it he must. Being brought before the Captain, he examin'd him wherefore he serv'd him such a trick. *Bee mee Shout*, Dear Joy, says he to his Master, I wash ashamed to wear shush brave great Buttons, and don wash faint to shell dine for ready Adoney; sho, bee mee fair, I wash resolved to
shell

shell mine too, and preshent-dine Honours
 Graushe wish de Money. But this Sham
 would not take; Teagus was condemn'd
 to run the Gauntlet, and being strip'd
 as naked as they found him, left him to
 the Conduct of his unlucky Stars, or more
 unhappy *Genius*.

V.

When the late King James his Army
 lay down before *London-Derry*, there
 happened a great Mortality among his
 Soldiers; Men sickned and died sudden-
 ly, so that some were of Opinion, their
 Ammunition-Bread was poisoned. A-
 mong the Rest, two dear Joys of Lieu-
 tenant General *Macharty's* Regiment,
 were discoursing the matter very seri-
 ously together. Bee mee Shoul, says
 Teague, what ish de matter, sho many brave
 Captains and Major-Lieutenants, with de
 tird Part of hish Majesty's Graushe's Army
 die sho fast? Now de Plangue tauke me for
 a Shon of a Whore, if deshe Frenchmen have
 not manke Poishon upon ush. Po, po, po, dear
 Joy, repliesthe other, bee mee Shalvashion
 you do de Frenchmen wrong; I am shorry
 to shее you sho Ignorant. Do not de French-
 men die ash well ash dey of our own Naushton?

No,

No, no, bee Chreesht, I'll tell you what ish
de Cause of all this sickness; by Shains Paul-
trick, de she damn'd Rogues, de Butchers, do
Kill all de Sheeps they find dead of de Mur-
rain, and shell de Meat to the shouldiers for
ash good Beef ash if they had been kill'd before
they were dead, and sho dey mauke plaugue
upon ush.

VI.

Sometime after King James landed in
Ireland, there was a Report spread about
among the Bigots of that Country, that
the Pope would shortly send over a Bull,
giving full Authority to all the dispossest'd
Irish, to re-enter and enjoy their Estates
again, and those of their Ancestors.
Upon this News, some Bog-trotting Vil-
lagers were met together upon a Green
in the Month of May, to Consult about
this good Tidings; and after the Coun-
try Complement of a Cup of Snush had
pass'd round their Worships Noses, and
a dish or two of Usquebaugh had wet their
Whistles, there began such a Canting
Din amongst them, that you would have
sworn 'twas the Confusion of Babel. A-
mong the Croud of Dear-Joys, an English
Gentleman spied two that he had been

formerly acquainted with at Dublin; and making up towards them, and perceiving they were engaged in some very earnest Discourse, he was unwilling to interrupt them; but being prompted with a strange Curiosity, he got so near as to hear what was the Subject of their Colloquy, without discovering himself, which he might easily do in such a Rabble of Tag Rag and Bob-tail. Hark ye, mee dear Hony, says Patrick, I will tell dee one great shecret; now bee mee Shalvashion, and dat ish well known to all in de Parish, and bee Chreesht dee knowst it ash well ash mine nown shelf; dee knowst dat I come of de great Family of de Mac-Reions, and my Grandfader was Cowkeeper to Brian-mul-Haleim, and bee mee Shoul, mee nown Fader did follow de shame Occupashion; and when he wash dead, I being hish eldesht Shon, wash preferr'd to be hish lawfull Heir, and sho I wash Cowkeeper to Young Brian-mul-Haleim. Now, mee dear Joy, I have been turned out of my Plaushe a great while by deshe Protestants, and I have been forshed to live like a Gentleman by my Wits: Now, bee Chreesht and Shaint Patrick, dear Joy, dere ish a ring come in to my Head, since I have heard dat de Pope's Bull ish come over into our own Naishion. Bee mee Shoul, it ish great py that de poor

Bull should be forshed to travel sho many Miles
ash dey shay it ish; and derefore I will tell
dee now what I will do; I have a red Calf
of two Tears Old, with a white Crosh upon
hish Breast; and, bee de Mash now, I will
mauke Petishion upon hish Majeshty's Graushe,
to do me de Kindneshe, to do me de Favour to
preshent mee Calf to de Pope; for, bee
mee Shoul, when he ish grown up, he will
mauke a brave Pope's Bull, and I will
mauke Petishion upon de Pope, to be prefer-
red to be hish Holineshe-Graushe's Bull-breeder
here, and sho shave him de Trouble of shend-
ing sho many Bulls from Rome.

VII.

A Teaguelander and a French-man
quartering together at Dublin, fell into
a hot Dispute about their Country and
their Saints: And the French-man did
sputter much in Praise of his Country,
and of S^c Dennis, who was Saint for
France, saying, That no Saint in all the
World could compare to S^c Dennis. Po, po,
po; po, po, Foy, what S^c Dennish? said
Teague. Quoth the French-man, S^c Den-
nis was Saint for France; and S^c Dennis
was Murthered at Paris, and his head was
cut off; and begar me tell you no he, when

his head have been cut off, St Dennis did
 ketch up his head in his hands, and he did
 carry it two Leagues after it was cut off,
 in his Hands, and there he did faint and
 fall down; so he was buried in that Place;
 and there is a Chapel built, and called by the
 name of S' Dennis to this day, and all the
 Kings of France will be Crowned there. The
 Teaguelander at this burst out into a
 laughter, and said, Bee Chreesht, my Joy,
 dou dosht mauke a great Prate of dy Shaint
 Dennish, but upon mee Shalvashion Shaint
 Pautrick wash far beyond him. Saint Patriek
 (quoth the Frenchman) what was Saint
 Patrick. Po, po, po, bee Chreesht, says the
 Irishman, doesht dou not know Shaint Pau-
 trick? No begar (said the Frenchman)
 me did never hear of an Irish Saint. No,
 quoth Teague? Bee Chreesht, I shall break
 dy Pate for dee; what doesht dou shay dere be
 no Teagueland Shaints? These words
 caused some blows, but they were quick-
 ly parted; and, the Frenchman was judg-
 ed to be in the wrong, because he gave
 affront to the Teaguelander in Contra-
 dicting him. So he asked the Bog-trotter
 Pardon, and desired him to go on upon
 his Story. Then said the Bog-trotter,
 Shaint Pautrick wash Shaint for Ireland,
 and he wash Murdered at Dublin in Ireland,
 and

and hish Head wash cut off. But, de holy Shaint did tanke hish Head up, and did mauke to de Shea-shide, resholving not to stay in dat Country where dey had sho sherved him; and coming to de Shea-shide he did fling himshelf into de Shea, and he did swim indeed dreescore Leagues, and den he did come on shore, and wash sho faint dat he died, and he wash buried, and de Plaushe ish called Holy-Head to dish day. Quoth the Frenchman, How did he swim, upon his back? No, bee Chreesht (quoth the Irishman) he did swim upon hish Belly, and did strike out hish Hands ash I-do now (he striking out his hands in Imitation.) Where (says the Frenchman) did he carry his Head then? Po, po, po, po, Joy, (says he) why bee Chreesht he did carry it in hish Mouth betwixt hish Teeth; and indeed, and upon my Shalvashion, it ish true.

VIII.

An Old spark, of the Family of the O'Neals, flattering himself with the hopes of mending his broken Fortunes at King James his Court, forthwith repairs to Dublin, and took a private Lodging at an English Widow's House, not far from the Colledge; To whom he often bragged of the great Plaushe he was like to have;

but, there was so much of the *Bog* in all his Discourse and Carriage, that he grew very Contemptible in his Landlady's Eye. It fortun'd, that her Son (a Youth of about fourteen years Old, and bred at *London*) was newly returned Home to his Mother, and observing the *Teagueishness* of their Lodger, told his Comrades of it; one of which looking one day out of a Garret-window, spied *O Neal* coming along the Street, and being an Arch Wag, took up the Chamberpot, and just as the Old Fellow came under the Window, threw the inside Furniture of it upon his Head. *O-Neal* looking up to the Window in a great Fury, falls a Swearing all the Oaths of the Compass, threatening to *mauke break upon hish Pate*; and, *bee all de Shaints*, says he, *now de Deevil tanke me, if I had dee here I would kick dee down stairs. Tesh indeed.*

IX.

The same Gentlewoman a while after, had such another Customer for a Lodging, who pass'd under the Title of *Maccarty*: he had been six Weeks in her House, and in all that time she had seen none of his Money, which gave her oc-
 casion

cation one day to speak to him after this
 Manner: Sir, said she, You have lodged
 in my House above six Weeks, and I have
 not received one Cob of you. You are alto-
 gether a Stranger to me, and I want Money
 extreemly. I desire therefore, that you will
 discharge that litle is owing. Po, po, po,
 mee Dear Joy, says the Sham-Captain,
 hasht dee not heard de News? What News,
 Sir, replies his Landlady? Pd fain hear
 some News of my Money. Oh, po, po, says
 he, bee Chreesht now I shee don hasht not heard
 de News, and dat ish a shad ring now, and
 I am shorry wid all mine heart, dat dou dost
 not know me better dan sho. Pray Sir, says
 the Widow, don't trouble me wick your
 News, but pay me my Money; I can't live by
 News. O bone! O bone! Ub, boo, boo!
 ish dat all? and bee mee Shoul, dou shuld
 have Money enough, when hish Majestys
 Graushe did pay me. Pay you Sir, says she,
 how came the King to be in your Debt, pray?
 Why, bee de Mash now I shee don knowst not
 how de World goes; hasht dee not hear dat
 Hish Majestys Graushe will make me one
 Captain? No indeed Sir, I know nothing of
 it. Oh, bee Shaint Patrick, I am just go-
 ing to make Petition to hish Majestys
 Graushe laboar it, and I pradee to do me de
 Kindnesht, to do me de Favour, to tell me

where dere ish a Scrivener, to preshent me wid
 de Petishion. The Widow smiling to
 find so much of the Brogue upon his
 Tongue, directed him to an English Scri-
 vener hard by. To whom Our Captain-
 in-Conceit presently marches; and find-
 ing him within, thus accosts him: Dear
 Joy, I have a Petishion to hish Majestty's
 Granshe, and I know dat dee art a shivil
 Paxshon, and has all manner of Petishions
 upon dy Fingers End; and bee mee nown Fa-
 ders Tobacco-Pipe I shwear now, if don wilt
 be sho shivil ash to preshent my Petishion to hish
 Majestty's Granshe, I will remember dish
 Kindnesht when I am paid. I know not what
 you mean Sir, replies the Scrivener, but
 if you want a Petition drawn up, I will do it
 for you for Six-pence. The dear Joy all
 in a Rapture, embraces the Scrivener,
 telling him, dat he washt de shivillest Gen-
 tleman he ever met wid. And, bee mee
 Shoul, says Mac, I am glad dat dee hasht met
 wid me; for, I tink I am ash good a Gentle-
 man ash any Man in mine own Naushion;
 And if dee will do me dish Kindnesht, I will
 give dee tree halves of a Shilling, and dat
 ish neen-pence, bee dee Mash; and sho Shir,
 I am dy bumble Sharvant. Mac thus go-
 ing away, the Scrivener calls him back
 again. Sir, say he, you have not yet told
 me

me the Subject of your Petition. Plague
 tanke dee now for a Fool, says Mac; a Shub-
 ject! Ub, boo, boo! a Shubject! Bee mee
 Shoul, I wash scorn to mauke Petishion upon
 any Shubject; I wash tell dee to mauke Peti-
 shion upon hish Mauneshtry's Graushe. Well
 Sir, replies the Scrivener laughing, and
 what will you petition the King for? Oh! bee
 Chreesht, dear Joy, says Mac, it ish for a
 Captain's Plaushie, and dosht dee not know dat?
 The Scrivener perceiving the Ignorance
 of his Client, and willing to get rid of
 him quickly, dispatches him with a Peti-
 tion in his Hand. Away goes Mac as
 big as Bull-beef, puffed up with the Va-
 pours and Exhalations of his Boggy
 heart, and going home wraps his Peti-
 tion up in a clean sheet of paper, and lays
 it up in his Trunk, among other papers.
 Next day having been at the Castle, and
 seen the King there, he runs with all Ex-
 pedition back to his Lodging for his Pe-
 tition, and in the Hurry takes up a blank
 paper folded up in the same Form as his
 Petition was in. Away runs Mac full of
 expectation, and posting himself in a
 Gallery through which he was informed
 King James would pass, walks up and
 down strutting like Sir Timothy Nipperst,
 till at length he spies King James enter

the Gallery. *Mac* pulls out his paper and advances towards him, and making two or three Scrapes with his Brogues, he thus Addresses himself to the King; *Dear Joy, bee mee Shoul don art welcome to our nown Naushion; and, bee Shaint Patrick, I am ash glad to shee dee ash if dee hadsht been mine nown Broder. I have here—— I have here——* [all the while opening the paper in his hand] *I have bere—— Now de Deevil tanke mee, dear Joy, it ish not de right paper; but I pradee now my good Honny Joy, to stay here a little while, and I will run home and fetch my Petistion. You may easily imagine, what a laughter this Bog-trotter's Deportment caused in all the Company, King James himself heartily laughing at the Jest.*

X.

An English Farmer, living not far from Dublin, kept two or three Servants in his House, among which one was a *Bog-trotter*. The good Man observing, that one of his men haunted ill Company and Ale-Houses, where he used to sit fudling some whole Nights together, and sometimes would come Home by Midnight, to the Disturbance of the whole House; one

one Night took occasion to lock him out, carrying the Keys up to Bed with him. About two hours after they had been a-bed, comes the Fellow Home, and calls to the *Bogtrotter* to let him in; for they lay together. *Bee mee fait now*, says *Teague*, *I be shorry dat I cannot let dee in, for my Mausher hash got de Keys; and I cannot come into hish Chaumber, because he is lock'd; and beshide, dear Joy, I dare not go to ask him, for fear he should manke kick upon mee Breesht; but if dou go to hish Chaumber-door dine nown shelf, bee Chreesht, I believe he will let dee in.*

XI.

A certain *Teaguelander* being pressed to Sea, and observing one of the *Marriners* to take the Height of a Star with his *Jacobi-staff*, privately creeps behind him, looking over his Shoulder, as thinking he was shooting; and fixing his Eye on the End of his Staff, he observed that it pointed against a Star, at the same time a that *Meteor* fell. *Arrha, dear Joy* - (says he) *bee mee Shout, don breesht a good Marksman; for I shew de Bird fall wid all de Fire in her Arshe; but I wonder whar de Decvil don didst put in dy Gun, dat I could not hear it when it went off.*

XII. A

XIII.

A Gentleman of Quality that came over out of *France* into *Ireland* with the late King, being advised by his Physicians to drink Asses Milk, carried a couple over with him into that Country. As soon as he was arrived, he bought a large House in *Dublin*, having his Lady and Family a-long with him; and took a *Teaguelander* for one of his Domesticks, whose Name was *Morrice*. The first thing his Lord set him upon, was, to look after his Asses. So away he marches early in the Morning to the Barn; but opening the Door, and fixing his Eyes upon one of them (which had its Head towards him) *Wiseacre* was at a stand, having never seen such an Animal before. The Ass pricks up its long Ears (which *Teague* supposed to be Horns) and by and by falls a-braying: Which so frightened him, that Home he scowres thorow thick and thin, thinking that it could be nothing else but the Devil; and up Stairs he scampers, to the Bed-side where his Lord and Lady lay. They were not a little surprized to find him in such a Pickle, his Shooes and Stockings being

being all dirty, and his Hair standing an End. *How now, what's the matter, Morrice?* (says his Master.) *What ish de matter?* (says he) *why dost not dee know what ish de matter?* *Dy Askes be very unshivil;* *dey shpeak sho very loud, dat I believe dey tink I wash deaf;* *but, bee Chreesht, I do not understand one Shyllable of what dey shay.* *You Fool,* (says the Lord) *they cannot speak, they are dumb Creatures, of the same Nature with a Horse.* *A Horshe,* (says Teague) *nay, dat can never be;* *for dish had two Hornsh;* *and now it comesh into my Head, it must be an Unicorn.* *And I have heard shay, dat Unicornsh are born in Africa;* *but I do not understand de African Language.* *Derefore 'pray dee, mee dear Foy, go and Dishcourshe him dy shelf, and I will get into Bed to dy Landy, and keep dy Plaushe warm till don dost come again.*

XIV.

An Irish Gentleman who had travelled in England, and other Parts, and was well accomplished; riding one Day to Waterford, attended only by one Servant of the same Country, they met with a Fellow a-stride upon a Cow. Upon which

which the Servingman calls to his Master; *Uh-buh-boo*, dear Joy, says he, look yonder *ish a strange Sighth!* What's that? says the Gentleman. Oh! *bee mee Shoul*, cries Teague, *shee dere a Man riding a Horse-back upon a Cow.* That's a great Bull, replied the Gentleman. *Po, po, po, po*, dear Joy, says Teague, *dou art mishtanken; for ish no Bull, but a Cow, dou mayst shee hiss Teats.*

XIV.

A French-man that came over with King James into Ireland (having formerly lived in England) took a Lodging in Dublin, near a Baker's House; who was a poor Irish-man, but had a very beautiful English-woman to his Wife, and of an unblemished Reputation, so Chast was her Deportment. Monsieur presently had her in his Eye, and courted her very importunately, and expensively, but all to no purpose. All his Treats, and amorous Addresses proving ineffectual, he offered her Fifty Guineas, if she would permit him to lie with her all Night. She refused it; and privately told her Husband what Monsieur had offer'd her, and upon what account. Teague scratch'd his

his Head, not knowing what to do; Poverty perswaded on the one side, and Love hindered on the other from accepting this proffer. At length, said he, mee Dear Joy, dere ish a way to shave dy Honour, and get dee Money too. I will pretend to go out of Town nexst Monday wash Seven-night, and den dou shalt promish dis Shop of a French Beesh, to let him lie wid dee de Night; In de mean while, dou knowest Pau-trick de Cobler, who ish a stout Scullogue; and, bee mee Shoul, I will maake five Poundsh upon him to help me, and my Broder Bryan shall have five Poundsh too, if he will a shish ush. And, bec Chreesht, both ish thore will have a good broad Shword, and we will creep under dy Bed, and when de Frenchman bash paid dee de Gold (which dou must be shure to have first) and just ash he ish going to Bed, we will crawl out and cut him to piesses, and den let him go like a French Rogue, and learn better Manners next time, and not abuse Teague, and manke a Cuckold of bish Wife. And den, bec Chreesht, when we have paid Pautrick de Cobler, and Brian five Poundsh a plesha, out of de fifty Guineash, we will buy a shouth wid de oder dreescore. It was agreed by all Parties, and Monsieur had Notice of the Assigna-tion; who though he understood that her

her Husband was gone out of Town, yet fearing an Ambuscade, carried a Brace of Pistols with him, besides his Rapier, which he constantly wore. Entering the Room, he Caresed her A-la-mode de Paris, and being very hot upon his Game, he was impatient of Delays; and giving her the Gold, bid her *make hast to Bed, and he would follow*. In the first place, he drew out his Pistols, and laid them by him, and then undrest himself; seeing her in Bed, he takes up his Sword and Pistols, and advanced towards his Bed-side. She seeing him in that posture, asked him, *What he meant to do with his Sword and Pistols?* Noting, Madam, of harm, replies Monsieur, *only me love to have all de Arms, mee Sword bee mee side, mee Pistols in mee Haunds, and de Dagger before, when me go to take a Citadell or Fort*. And laying down his Sword by his Bed-side, he skip'd into Bed with his Pistols in his Hands, and laid them just over her Head: Not to lose time, he stormed the Fort and took it, and notwithstanding he was several times beaten out by the Breach made in the Assault, yet he boldly entred again, and took Possession. The poor Cuckold, and his Brother, with the Cobler, (who lay underneath the Bed) could not but hear what

what was doing above, yet durst not stir for their Lives; nay, not so much as whisper, for fear of being heard. *Monsieur* having gone through-stitch with his Work, and tired to boot, leaped out of Bed with his Pistols; and taking up his Sword, went to the farther End of the Room, and dressed himself. Having so done, he calls to his Bedfellow to come to him, which she excused, saying, *She was in a great Sweat, and might catch her Death thereby*; but seeing him grow resolute, she obeyed. *Monsieur* hereupon clap'd a Pistol to her Breast, saying, *Begar, Mistris Bish-Fox, give me my Gold; begar if you will not — for love, begar you shall never have my Money*; and so taking the Fifty Guineas from her, went couragiously down the Stairs, and out of the House. *Monsieur* being gone, out crawls the cowardly Cuckold, with his Brother, and the Cobler, blaming each other, and all of them the Woman. *What would you have me to do*, quoth she, *since he lay a-top of me, and I could not help my self? And what de Deevil would don have ush to do*, says her Husband, *since you both lay a-top of ush? Disb he de fine ting, bee mee fait, for me to lie under de Bed, and be mauke a Cuckold before my Fanshe. La.*

XV.

A Country Kern in the North of Ireland thatching a House, had a Boy to serve him with Straw; now there comes by a great Hog, and turns up his Head as if he were listning. Says the Bog-trotter to the Boy, *What does dat Hog tink now?* Oh, says the Boy, *I'll warrant you he is hatchin' of Mischief:* and whilst his Master was busie at work on the Ladder, the boy hunted the Hog just toward it; and in his race jostling the Ladder, down came that and Teague and all. *Pox, tauke dee, for a Shen of Whore,* says he to the Hog, *it ish true bee mee Shont, ash de honest Boy shaid, dou washt hatchin' of Mischief indeed; for I tink dou hasht broke my Neck; and derefore, if ever I thatch for any Parshon hereafter, I'll mauke a Bargain wid dem, dat dey shall tye up all deir Hogsh.*

XVI.

A Frenchman and his Wife lodging at an Irishman's House in Waterford, the Frenchman's Wife fell in Travel in the Night; so he ran up stairs to acquaint the Midwife (who lay in the House) of his

his Wife's Condition, and afterwards went down to inform his Landlord and Landlady of it. He stood by their Bed side in his Shirt, shivering for cold (it being a very cold Night) but could not speak either *Irish* or *English*, and so had much ado to make them understand him: at last they perceived the Business, and his Landlady pitying him, said to her Husband, *Prethee, Dear Jey, let him come into Bed to us, and lie till Day-light, seeing it is so cold, and that he cannot in Civility go into his own Chamber at such a time as this is; you need not fear any thing as long as you are in bed with me.* So he consented to it, and the *Frenchman* came and lay down on the other side of the Woman; The *Irishman* being tired, soon fell fast asleep; the *Frenchman* presently grew warm, and began to caress his Landlady: The Motion of the Bed, which was caused by their Amorous Engagement, wak'd her Husband, who calls out, *What be yee doing, in de Deevilsh Naume, yee Shons of Whoresh? I shee now (quoth the Owl) dere ish be no trust in Womans. Why what would you have me do? quoth she, if I should speak to him, you know he can't understand a word I say. It ish very true indeed,* said he, *and derefore de nexst time de*
French

French Beesh liesh here, he shall bring hish
Interpreter along wid him.

XVII.

Since the Act of Settlement was repeal-
ed by the Parliament in Ireland, one Patrick
Mac Gilloh was invested in an Estate be-
longing to his Ancestors, at Trim in the
County of Meath. Who being as Cove-
tous as he was Silly, bid his Servant kill
half a Bullock against Michaelmas Day,
and mauke Hogsh Puddingsh of de Blood and
Gutsh, for he designed to feasts all hish
Neighboursh.

XVIII.

Another who had not much wit to spare,
seeing his Son play Roguish Tricks; Don
arrant Scullogue don, said he, didst don ever
sbee me do shush tings when I wash a Boy ash
don Beesh.

XIX. Phelim

XIX.

Phelim Gotawr sitting one Night in his House at Supper, his Cat pass'd to and fro through his Arms, brushing her Tail against his Mouth two or three times; which made him so Angry, that he cut off the tip of her Tail, saying, *Plaugue tauke dee for a Beeish Pus,* I tink I have given dee one Ear-marksh. For that Night the Cat kept out of his Sight, but the next day came again according to her usual manner, whereupon he said, *Now de Deevil tauke dee for a troubleshom Beeish;* art dou come agen? I shought I had given dee dy Break-fasht last Night; yesh indeed.

XX.

A certain Captain belonging to King James, having rais'd his Company in Ireland, endeavour'd, if possible, to make them a little understand Military Discipline, and to that End he constantly exercis'd them once aday for some time together. It happened that there was a *Welshman* among them, who had been taken Prisoner in a Sally out of *Londonderry*,

derry, and was compelled to bear Arms for the Papists. This *Welshman* observing that his left-hand Man when he was to fire his Musket, turn'd his Snout behind his Shoulder that he might not see it go off, although at the same time he had never a Match lighted; at the next Discharge took him a swinging Box on the Ear. *Teague* (whose Eyes were behind him) dream'd nothing from whence it came, but, supposing it to be only the jumping of the Gun, puff'd and sweat, and made many a sour Face and wry Mouth. Being commanded to charge again, *Teague* with much ado gets one Bandalier more ramm'd into his Musket, which had at least five or six in it already. But when they were commanded to give Fire, he trembled and shook, and turn'd his Head over his left Shoulder as before. At this the *Welshman* struck him another such a deadly blow upon the same Ear, that he made him stagger above four Yards backward. Poor *Teague* no longer able to endure such hot service, nor to sustain another Brunt, throws down his Musket, and falls into a most lamentable *boo! boo! ohone! ohone!* and rubbing his Ear, thus salutes the Captain: *Boo! boo! boo! Now a Plague*

Plague take thee, thou damn Shon of a Whore,
 for puttingt ush Irish Gentlemensh upon dissh
 troubleshome Shervish; and a Plague take
 dissh damn heretick Gun also for another
 Shon of a Whore: for de Deevilish Jade
 has kick'd me twice upon dissh shame Ear,
 aldough I did not put sho mush ash one
 Shpark of Fire in hish Arsh to provoke him.
 Cots plut (says the Welshman) hur has not
 made hur Cun pounce one time, when hur
 has made hur own Cun pounce one, two, three
 times. Good hur Urship make hur give hur
 Cun one pounce. The Captain, with four
 or five good Rubs upon his Shoulder
 with his Cane, forces him to light his
 Match, and to discharge: Which being
 loaded up almost to the Muzzle, struck
 him down upon his Back, and dash'd
 out all his fore-Teeth. This put him
 into a terrible Fit of de loosh Gripe. But
 however, up he gets, and going to the
 Captain, (who was on Horseback) Pra-
 dee, mee dear Joy, (says he) do me de fa-
 vour, to do me de kindness, to asshisht me to
 mauke one Petishion upon hish Manjeshtry's
 Graushe, dat he would please to mauke me
 a Captain in dy Plaush, dat I may ride up-
 on dy Horsh, and dat thou may'st carry dissh
 heavy Gun upon dy Shouldersh ash I do; and
 den bee mee Shoul, wee will cut off de Leggs
 of

of dese damn Heretick Beeshes; and after dat, wee will tie deir Handsh behind dem, and mauke dem walk barefoot to Dublin, to beg hish Majesties's Graushe's Pardon. Yesh in fait.

XXI.

A French Soldier in the late K. James's Army drinking with an Irish Soldier in Dublin, they fell to disputing about Religion; Will you, quoth Monsieur, pretend to more Saints in Ireland, dan we have in France? Dere be more Saints in France dan me have Hairs upon mine Beard. Po, po, po, dear Joy, says the Irishman, dere be more Shaints in Ireland, dan I have Hairsh upon my Head and Beard too. Vary well, replied the Frenchman, den lat de ting be dus proved; me will pull a hair off dy Beard, for every Saint I name, and dee fall pull one off mine, for every Saint dee name. So the Frenchman begun, and pulled one off the Irishman's Beard, crying, Saint Dennis; then the Bogtrotter doing the like to the Frenchman, said Shaint Patrick. The Frenchman pulling another, crying, Saint Martin. The Irishman did the same, crying, Shaint Colom. The Frenchman, Saint Louis. The Irishman,

man, Shaint Arglagh. The Frenchman, Saint Clotild. The Irishman, Shaint Dultmore. The Frenchman, Saint Bun. The Irishman, pulling seven at once, cryed, De shewen Shleepersh. The Frenchman, to be revenged, plucked a whole Mustache off, crying The eleven thousand Virgins: Dish be de very foul play. (says Teague) for, if all dese Virgins had Shons and Grandshons, dey must be all Shaints too, and den, bee mee Shoul, I shall not have Beard enough left to give dem every-one a little. And so the Dispute ended.

XXII.

A North-Country Kreen being in Dublin, and passing by the Watch one Night when it was late, they stop'd him; but he not being used to such Severities, said, Po, po, po, po, Dear Joys, don't put tricks upon me, let me go, I am in haste; imagining they were some arch Waggs that were minded to play the Rogue with him; but seeing them very serious and surly with him, he asked them, What they were? they answered, The Watch. The Watch, quoth Teague, I precees mee Dear Joys, what watch ye for? For the King, say they, (meaning that they were

the King's Watch.) For de King, replies
 Teague! Den bee mee Shoul, you mauke de
 very great mishtuake; for I can bring all de
 Parish where I wash born, to witness dat I am
 no shush Man; for, bee Shaint Pautrick,
 I am Teague Mac-Lowry of Eniskea, in
 the North of Ireland. The Watch seeing
 his Simplicity, let him go.

XXIII.

Another of the same Country walking
 cross his Chamber in the dark, in order
 to go down stairs, held out his Arms to
 defend his Face; and coming against
 the Door, which stood out right, he
 ran his Nose against the Edge thereof:
 whereupon he cried out, Poxsh tanke my
 Nose, it wash short enough jush now;
 how comesh it den, in de Devilsh Name,
 to grow longer dan my Arms? I tink dish to
 be de great Miracle.

XXIV.

Brian Mulreny, an Inland Boytrotter,
 that had never been Five Mile from the
 smoak of his Fathers Crate or Cottage,
 came to Dublin, and listed himself in
 K. James his Army; and walking one
 day

day on the Key, asked a *Frenchman*, that stood by, *What dat wash called?* pointing to a great Ship; *Qui dit vous*, says the *Frenchman*. And what do you call dat? says the *Irishman*, pointing to a less: *Qui dit vous*, says the *Frenchman* again. (That is, *What do you say.*) *Ub-bub-bub*, crys *Brian*, are dere great *Qui dit voush*, and little *Qui dit voush* too? Being afterwards informed by one that stood by, that it was a Ship; he ask'd, *How old it wash?* *It is two Years old*, says one. *Oh Chreesht*, says *Brian*, ish it but two *Yearsh* old, and shd big already? *What a huge great ting it will be, when it ish ash old ash I am.*

XXV.

A certain *Maclander* being miserably reduc'd, came to the house of a Lady in those Parts, begging her Charity; where he made such a doleful Relation of his misfortunes, that the Lady being acquainted with it, took pity on him, and received him into her Service as a Footman; and after she had made some Tryal of his Expedition in delivering a Message and going of other Errands, she sent him one day to *Marengo*, an adjacent

Jacent Town, to buy twenty Ells of fine
Holland, and put ten Pounds in his Hands
 to pay for it. Away troops *Teague*, ne-
 ver before so richly laden in all his life:
 By the way he overtook two Men going
 to the same Town, and after the usual
 salutations and greetings upon the Road,
 they by mutual consent, jogg'd on all
 three together, as glad of each others
 Company. *Teague* was so big with his ten
 pounds, that he could not forbear dis-
 coursing of it, telling them also how he
 was to dispose of it, and whom he be-
 longed to. These two Fellows were a
 Couple of Sharpers, and their Fingers
 itch'd to compass this Money, or at least
 some of it. They soon discover'd one
 another's Minds and both jump'd in a Re-
 solution, to put the great Game upon
Teague before they parted from him.
 The first step they made toward the Exe-
 cution of their Design was, to Invite
 him to drink at a Victualling-House not
 far from *Marenagh*. So in they went
 together, and call'd briskly for good
 store of Drink, professing a great Kind-
 ness for *Teague*, and a mighty Veneration
 for his Lady; insomuch as the silly cre-
 dulous *Beggar*, took them for his ye-
 ry good Friends; and being pretty well
 warm'd

warm'd and elevated with *Ufquebach* and other Liquors, he was prevail'd upon by their wheedling Insinuations, to let one of them go and buy the Cloath for him (under the pretence of better Skill and Judgment in Linnen than *Teague*) whilst the other stayed as an Hostage or Security with him. Away marches the Spark with the ten Pounds, and buys twenty Ells of ordinary *Holland* at five Shillings an Ell; and having thus *Hocus-pocus'd* poor *Teague* out of half his Money, brings him the *Holland* and tells him, 'Tis a choice piece of *Holland*, and he had much ado to get it for ten Pounds. *Teague* believes all to be Gospel, and giving him Thanks for his kindness, prepares to return Home. In the mean while, his two Companions plotted how to cheat him of his *Holland*, in to the Bargain; which they effected in this manner: The Reckoning being paid, they all three took their leaves of the House; and, out of pretended Civility, the two Sharpers would needs accompany *Teague* part of his way back. When they were come into a Field out of sight of the House where they had drank, they perswaded him for his own Security, to put his *Holland* in his Breeches, lest such a Prize being seen, he should be

robb'd of it upon the Road as he went Home. *Teague* hearken'd to their Coun-
 sel, but did not know how to get such a
 cumbersome Parcel into his Breeches
 without their Assistance; which was the
 thing they aim'd at. So they perswaded
 him to unfold the whole Piece and put it
 in by Degrees, and then 'twould easily
 lie in his Breeches. *Teague* was migh-
 tily satisfied with this Contrivance, and
 gives the Piece of *Holland* into one of their
 Hands to unfold, whilst he drew it by
 Degrees into his Codpiece; and his other
 Companion steps behind, pretending to
 help stow it, for his greater ease. So to
 work they go; but, whilst *Teague* was
 busie a hauling and lugging the *Holland*
 into his Breeches, the Spark behind him,
 with a Penknife rips open his Breeches
 just in the seam, and as fast as *Teague*
 drew the *Holland* into his Codpiece before,
 so fast did he draw it out again behind,
 and stow it in his own Breeches, with a
 great Dexterity, till the whole Piece was
 housed between his Thighs. *Bee mee*
fast, says *Teague*, *disb be de brave Inven-*
shion; for it lies sho well, and sho easily in
mee Breeches, dat I cannot feel it; bee de
Mash, yee be mine good Friendsk, and I
 make a whole Basket of tanks upon yee for
 your

your Shrivility; and I will maake drink upon you, when yee wash come to my Landie's House. But they having got their Prize, excused themselves, that they could not wait upon him any farther, and so took their Leaves of him, and went back again. Teague was mightily tickled in his Fancy, when he thought how his Lady would commend his Diligence and Care in her Business; and so trots Home as fast as he could. When he came in sight of his Lady, she ask'd him, where the Holland was! Po, po, po, po, Dear Fox, says Teague, if I had not maake great Care of it, I should have been robb'd; but, I considered, 'twas good to be discreet; and sho, bee shaint Pantrick, I did put it in mee Breeshees, (with that he began to grope in his Codpiece for the Holland, and made pitiful sowl faces when he could not feel it there) and, bee mee Shalvastrion, I tink it ish crept up into my Doublet; and dat may be, truly; for, I walked a great paushe, and I shweat very mash; and, bee mee Shoul, I dare not open my boshom to look for it, for fear I should maake Coughs upon my shelf. The Lady eager to know the Bottom of this Matter, commanded her Servants to search him for the Holland; which they did; but that was far enough off by this

this time. *Plange tauke dem Shons of Whores dat did put it in my Breeshes, crys Teague; for now I shee dat de heat of my Body, when I did walk sho fasht, hash melted de Holland all away to noing; Ub-bub-boo! Il, lil, lil, loo! Bee Chreesht my Lady will mauke hang upon me!* with this he told her the whole Story of his Adventures, as you have already heard. The Lady vex'd at such a loss, and yet pitying the invincible Blockishness of the Kern, would not take any Revenge on him, but only turned him out of her Service: And *Teague* reflecting upon his many repeated Misfortunes in *Ireland*, resolved to come over for *England*, having heard much in Commendation of this Noble Country. So, taking the first opportunity he could light of, he, with three other *Boglanders*, his Associates, having begg'd their passage, landed at *Chester* in *September* last, from whence they footed it up to *London*, to see that famous City.

XXVI.

A *Teaguelander* who had never been out of his *Bogs* before, coming to *Dublin* when it was full of Soldiers, was mightily taken with their fine Clothes. And
finding

finding one of his Acquaintance in a Red Coat; *Mee dear Jey*, (says he) *I am glad to mauke shights upon dee; but dou art sho like shome great Lord, dat, bee mee Shoul, I rink dee beesht not de soame Man dou washt two Yearsh ago. But pradee be sho shivil, ash to dome de Favour to do me de Kindness, to tell me where I may get shome Gray Frize of dat Colour, and I will mauke mee nown shelf a Shuit of Clothesh wid it immediately. Yesh indeed now.*

XXVII.

Another of the same Country, belonging to *Mac Donnell's* Regiment, being one Day about to Dine upon two Penny-worth of Roast Beef; thinking that his Commons were too short for his Stomach, went down out of his Garret, where he lodg'd, to beg a Dish of Broth of his Landlady, before he began his Feast. She told him, *That she had none that Day, but that she should have the Pot on the Day after, and then he should have some. Ye shilly Skon of a Whore* (says Teague) *dosh't dee throw away de good Broth, ash shoorn ash dou hasht roastied de Beef?* And away he hafts up again into his Chamber to devour the Meat, which he had

had left standing upon the Table. But in the mean time a Cat had eaten it all up; which so enraged him, that he fell with all his Fury upon poor Pufs; and catching her by the Tail, dash'd her head against the Wall, and threw her out of the Window, thinking her as dead as a Herring. But the Cat light upon her Legs, and away she run. Now! (says Teague) *I shee it ish true a'h dey shay, Dat a Cat hash nine Livesh. Nay, bee mee Shoul, I tink she hash one more Livesh dan an Eel, and yet dat will live a great many Hoursh after it ish dead.*

XXVIII.

A *Justice of Peace* that dwelt about Ten Miles from *Dublin*, walking one Day in his Ground, met a lusty young Fellow in a Red Coat, with a huge old rotten Tree upon his Back. The *Justice* threatned to punish him for a Thief, and also charged him with running from his Colours. The *Bogtrotter* denied all at first; but in the end confessed the whole matter; That he had indeed taken that Tree out of his Ground; and also, that he had been a Soldier, and quartered for four Months together in a Village

Village near London-derry. But (says he) de Air of dat damn'd Heretick Shitty, did sho put de Loop Gripe upon me, dat it wash a Coach and shix Horshes in mee Gutsh ever shince. And, bee Chreesht, if I had liv'd dere till dish time, I had been in anoder World sheveral Weeksh ago. But (says the Justice) what didst thou design to do wih that great Tree? I deshign, mee dear Joy, I deshign (says he) to carry dish Tree to Dublin, and to manke it into Card Matches, dat I may sell dem for shome Irish Half Crowns, to buy me shome Penny-worths o' Snush. The Justice pitying the Simplicity of the Fellow, dismissed him without any more ado.

XXIX.

Two Teaguelanders discoursing together of the present Calamities of their Country; Bee Chreesht (says one) dish be de devillish Prieshts Fault; for dey tell ush, Dat we should manke more Prayer to de Virgin Maury, dan to Shaint Pautrick, and dish vary ring hash diskoblighd de honest old Gentleman. Po, po, po, (says the other, who look'd upon himself to be as Wise as an Oracle) Dish be not de Mar-

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ter; for I have heard mee Moder shay, Dat
 is wash justt sho in Old Nollsh Daysh, when
 Ireland was above forty Tearsh younger
 dan it ish now; and dfore, bee mee Shoul,
 it mustt be born under shome Unfortunate
 Planes. And dee besht sho shilly, ash not
 to know dish.

F I N I S.

